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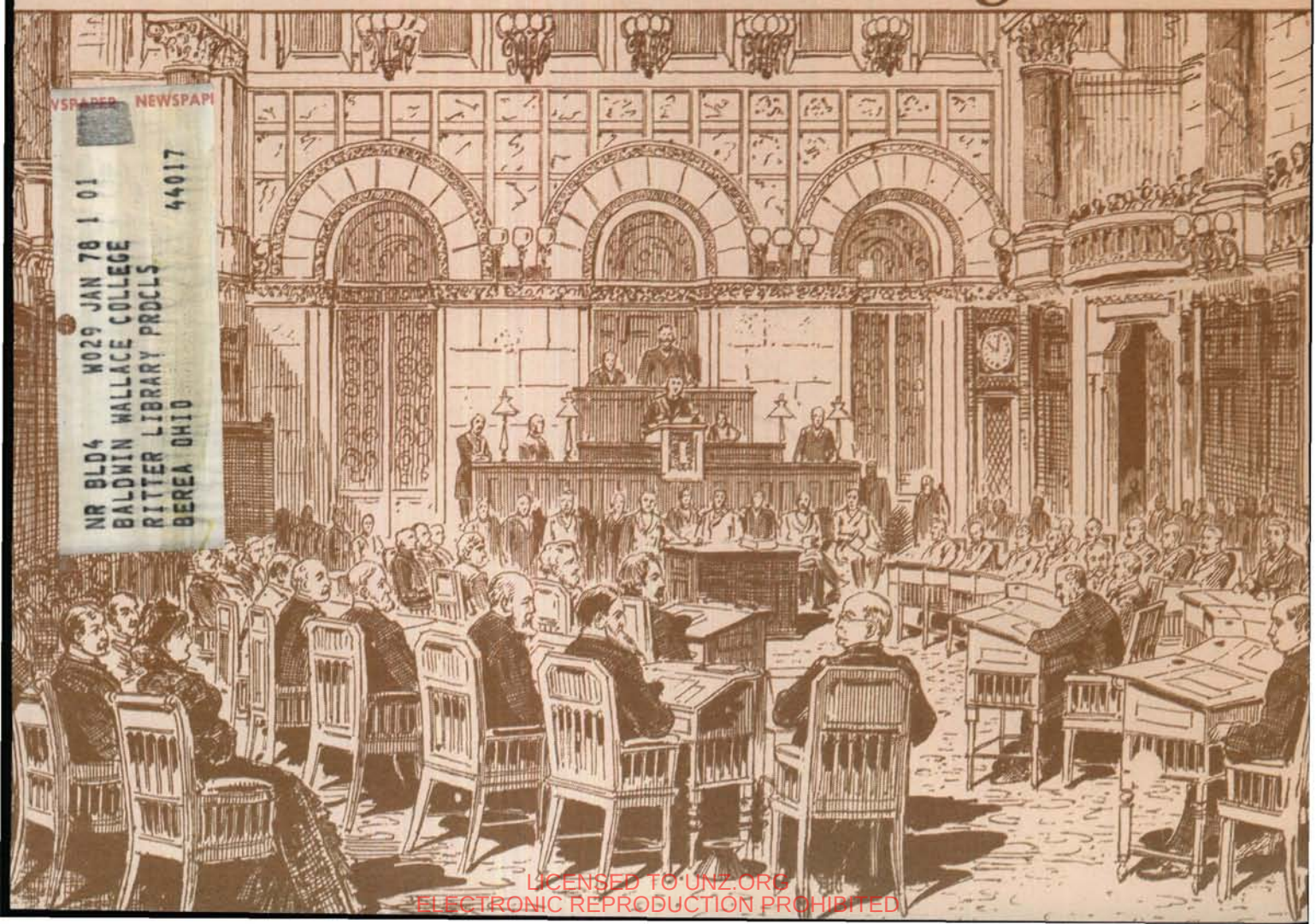

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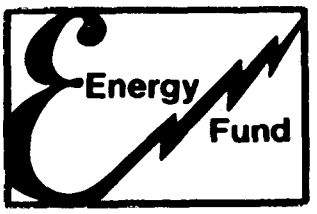

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TRB

from Washington
May 7, 1977

Not Into Temptation

See the bright yellow ore; just the thing for a child to make into mudpies; it is called "yellow-cake"; contains uranium, the key ingredient in the nuclear process. Uranium produces plutonium, a man-made substance aptly named for Pluto, the Greek god of the underworld. The Old Testament had another name for him and the place where he lived; in both cases he was the tempter. Today plutonium is the tempter, too; it may give us unlimited energy from its breeder-reactor. Or it may destroy us.

There's a grotesque touch about the whole affair. That bomb we dropped on Hiroshima, for example, in 1945; it essentially destroyed a city of 300,000. The bomb that did that had the sardonic name "Little Boy." And the same whimsy went with the bomb on Nagasaki that killed or wounded 80,000: it was "Fat Man."

(Flying away from Hiroshima Captain Parsons wrote in his log that he saw behind him a cloud "40,000 feet high" and he never lost sight of it for "36.3 miles.")

Jimmy Carter is the first nuclear engineer to be President and the only one, I believe, ever to head a government anywhere. This coming week he flies to a summit conference in London where he will tell European leaders, among other things, why he wants to delay development of plutonium as a future source of nuclear energy. Let it wait, he says.

Proliferation was the subject of the first major foreign policy address of the Carter election campaign. In a formal statement he came back to it with remarkable decisiveness on April 7. How do you restrain the further spread of sensitive technologies which entail "direct access to plutonium, highly enriched uranium and other material fitted for weapons," he asked, and at the same time retain "the tangible benefits of nuclear power?" This question, he said, "I have had under review from my first day in office." Most of us probably weren't thinking about it. He has closed down breeder plants and asked other countries to do the same.

By coincidence on May 4, just before the President leaves for Europe, Richard Nixon gives the first of four exculpatory TV interviews with David Frost. Will we get another "lift of a driving dream"? He probably won't go into the subject of breeder reactors, which he endorsed. To be fair to him, his endorsement followed the conventional wisdom of four years ago which was a lifetime in nuclear development. "At present," Nixon told Congress on April 18, 1973, "development of the liquid metal fast breeder reactor is our highest priority target." He also praised the "extraordinary safety record" of the nuclear program.

Some day in his retirement he might read John G. Fuller's book, *We Almost Lost Detroit*, which tells of six accidents at nuclear power plants since 1952, culminating in the melt-down of the radium-active core of a plutonium-producing breeder-reactor 30 miles from Detroit and Toledo. Four million people went blithely about their business while engineers tinkered with the Enrico Fermi reactor, unaware that a mistake could trigger a nuclear explosion. The mind-numbing technological complexity made the press largely ignore the accident. In the same way they are today ignoring a series of colorlessly written official reports indicating that before long terrorists will probably get the bomb. As to Detroit, it was about a month before the engineers cautiously decided that a local "little boy" would not, after all, explode.

Mr. Carter is still much of a mystery to the government leaders he will see in Europe. (He is still a bit of an enigma also at home.) His decision to put plutonium on the shelf, for the time being at least, as a source of nuclear energy, causes suspicion and anxiety all the way from Tokyo to Iran and Brazil. The United States has lots of coal and uranium for fuel even if its oil runs dry, they say; is it trying to create a capitalistic monopoly of nuclear fuel for itself, by cracking down on a certain type of reactor, for less favored countries, that has the incredible potential, when perfected, of producing more fuel than it consumes? It is true that this breeder reactor also produces plutonium which is specially adapted for bombs. But isn't that merely an excuse for a hypocritical United States to dominate the rest of the world? Mr. Carter's appeal for support in his April 7 statement got a cool reception abroad.

(continued on page 38)

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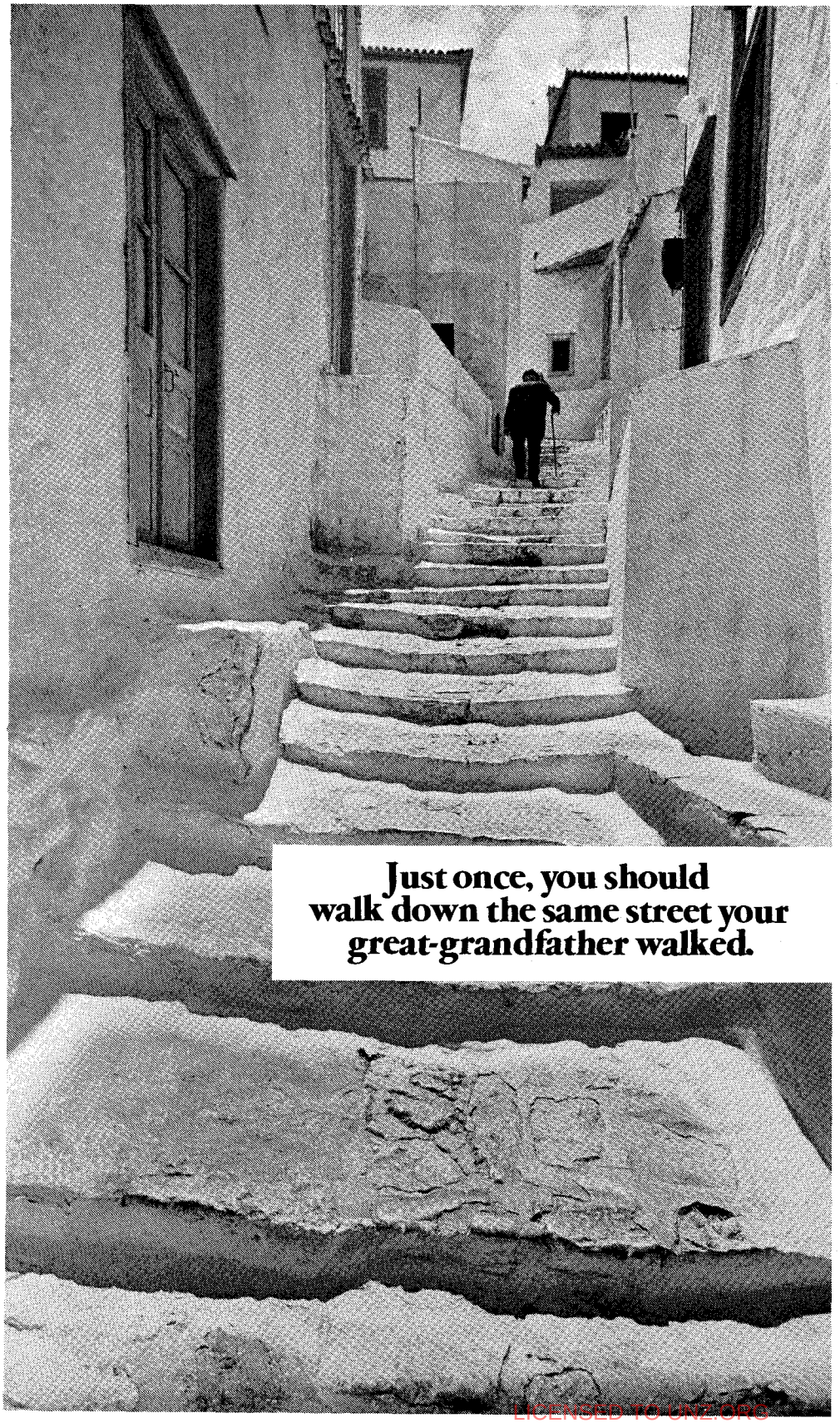
All of us come from someplace else.



Just once, you should walk down the same street your great-grandfather walked.

Picture this if you will.

A man who's spent all his life in the United States gets on a plane, crosses a great ocean, lands.

He walks the same streets his family walked centuries ago.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Cover: Engraving of the New York State Electoral College (1884). Courtesy of The Bettmann Archive.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

May 7, 1977

A Bad Idea Whose Time Has Come

"The electoral college method of electing a president of the United States is archaic, undemocratic, complex, ambiguous, indirect and dangerous." That is the very considered opinion of the American Bar Association, which has lined up with Birch Bayh and 44 of his colleagues in the Senate, with the AFL-CIO, the Chamber of Commerce, Common Cause, the American Federation of Teachers, the Farm Bureau, the UAW and the League of Women Voters, all determined to eradicate the electoral college. It also appears to be the opinion of President Carter, who nearly became the first man since 1888 to win the popular vote for president and lose the electoral vote. A shift of only 9200 votes in only two states, Hawaii and Ohio, and Gerald Ford would still be President. It is an impressive array of political clout, and with all that common resolve, you have to conclude that direct election of the president probably is an idea whose time has come.

The principal objections to the electoral college center on the practice now followed by most states of awarding all their electoral votes to the candidate with a popular vote plurality. One routine result of this practice is that narrow national popular vote pluralities are translated into substantial electoral vote majorities. John F. Kennedy won 49.5 percent of the popular vote in 1960 and 56.5 percent of the electoral vote. Richard Nixon saw his 43.6 percent of the 1968 popular vote inflated to 56 percent in the electoral college. Sometimes a walloping popular vote majority accumulated in one region—such as Jimmy Carter piled up in the South last year—may be dissipated when an opponent accumulates narrow victories in more states and thus greater electoral college strength. It is the extreme of this tendency that most nettles the abolitionists: the possibility of an electoral college victory—and thus the Oval Office—going to a popular vote loser, as nearly happened in 1916, 1948, 1960, 1968 and 1976. This possibility, they proclaim, represents a loaded gun, and the law of averages indicates that a misfire is inevitable.

With that worrisome prospect in the wings, the case for abolition may boil down to "Why not?" In an age when direct democracy is practicable, the electoral college represents an unnecessary artifact interposed between the voters and the president they elect. It is the appendix of the body politic, a vestigial organ serving no useful purpose with great potential for mischief.

But the issue of the electoral college is more complicated than that. Abolition was first proposed in 1824 and has been on someone's agenda ever since. Both sides have armed themselves with ever more sophisticated analyses and statistics either designed to demonstrate the electoral college's potential to produce a constitutional crisis or its immense adaptability and legitimizing effects.

Today's opponents of the electoral college tend to base their case primarily on the potential for a constitutional crisis—of one sort or another. They point to 1968: what if George Wallace had thrown the election into the House of Representatives? It is possible to rejoin that this country has weathered worse in the past decade. That would not have made Wallace a kingmaker. The nation and the Congress would have had to suffer him for a few days more, then the members would have followed the constitutional

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prescription and elected either Nixon or Humphrey, and how might they have chosen worse?

Or what if those hypothetical 9200 votes actually had switched in Hawaii and Ohio last year, awarding the presidency to Mr. Ford? Americans simply and wisely would have chalked off Jimmy Carter's 1.7 million popular vote edge for what it was, a margin swollen by more than that number from his native South. Four years hence, they would have either reelected Mr. Ford or set things right.

It is even possible to conclude from the carefully gathered statistics of one of the chief abolitionists that the dread possibility has already occurred, that we have already had the ill-fated misfire and nobody noticed. Neal Pierce, in his studious 1968 book, *The People's President*, notes that John Kennedy's narrow popular vote plurality of 110,000 in 1960 rests on the questionable logic of counting votes cast *against* him and for a slate of unpledged Democratic electors in Alabama as part of his national total. Strip Kennedy of those votes and Nixon comes out the actual winner of the popular vote for president in 1960. Nixon never complained about the mathematics, perhaps because either way Kennedy's electoral college majority was unaffected. Had he more characteristically insisted on setting the historical record straight, would he have plunged America into a constitutional crisis? Martin Diamond calls the loaded gun contingency a "popgun possibility."

The constitutional amendment proposed by Birch Bayh and his colleagues calls for election of the president and vice president by nationwide popular vote, with a runoff if no candidate gets a 40 percent plurality. In short, the abolitionists simply would apply pure majoritarianism at the presidential level. It is not clear what effects such a change would have on the presidency or on the presidential mandate. Direct popular election would entail shifts in electoral strategy that might affect both. If it is fair to press for change on grounds of what might happen but never has, it is essential to estimate what might happen should we change.

Opponents of direct election contend that it would cause a proliferation of parties, or factions, or independent candidacies. Their logic is persuasive. The electoral college has the same effect in perpetuating two parties at the presidential level that single-member districts have in elections for the US House and parliaments abroad. The winner-take-all custom in the electoral college encourages all but regional splinter parties to make an early accommodation, and discourages voters from casting their votes for a candidate who obviously cannot win. George Wallace dropped from a Gallup Poll high of 23 percent to 13 percent on election day of 1968; the falloff came almost entirely in the North, where he had no hope of capturing electoral votes.

Those who argue for a direct election with a runoff point out that with one exception (Lincoln in 1860), the winner always has gotten 40 percent. But in the past, the electoral college has been there to deter multiple candidacies. As Alexander Bickel put it, "To draw conclusions about future political behavior under a radically changed electoral system from the evidence of behavior under the system about to be dismantled is to take a long leap in the dark."

In this television age, the 40 percent runoff provision will encourage a proliferation not only of parties and factions, but of charismatic personalities as well. The runoff will make the first election for president like the two-primary system of the deep South in the heyday of its no-party politics—a trial heat with something for everyone. It would include the left and the right of the GOP, of course, the Socialists and Libertarians, perhaps a party of blacks, browns and Indians, a women's party, the anti-welfare and anti-abortionists, an aggregation of social issue and ethnic purity voters, maybe a fundamentalist Christian candidacy or party, and perhaps a John Gardner or Ralph Nader above-politics candidate to appeal to the independents. We would provide a reasonable shot at the highest office in the land to every charismatic or quasi-movement figure in America, not only Norman Thomas, Eugene McCarthy and George Wallace, but Father Coughlin, Anita Bryant and Billy Graham.

And what would prevent the ideologists from becoming hard-edged? What mechanism would assure the moderating and compromising now accomplished by national party nominating conventions? The system advanced by the abolitionists is not one to encourage accommodation, but rather one designed in its every particular to fuel uncompromising causism.

Would the factionalism take root? Would there be any more staying power than third and fourth parties have demonstrated in the past? Indeed there would. With no electoral college mechanism to eradicate the votes of minor parties; independents and splinter groups who have suffered for want of money in the past will be able to find start-up funds on the strength of the change. And let us not forget, campaign finance laws now on the books require that public monies be turned over to all factions that attain a reasonable first beachhead.

The abolitionists also wish to purify the presidential mandate by removing the intermediary body. Neal Pierce says, "The President is the only American official who represents the American people entire. . . . We are one people in the White House, or should be." The rhetoric sounds Caesarist in an era when we are more usually concerned with diminishing the imperial trappings of the presidency.

But aside from that, the direct popular vote proposal is dangerous not only in the runoff, but also in the stand-off. The electoral college, as we have seen, tends to magnify majorities, to inflate narrow popular

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Correspondence

The Selzer Case

To the editors:

As a long-time subscriber to *The New Republic*, a sometime contributor and a scholar recently cited by TRB, I was appalled at the quality of Diane Ravitch's article on Professor Michael Selzer of Brooklyn College and the current investigation of his relationship with the CIA ("Brouhaha in Brooklyn," Mar. 12). That I disagree with the author's assessment of the issues is less important than the repeated and entirely inexcusable distortions of fact.

1. The first sentence of the article states that the Political Science Department "voted . . . to ask the college president to dismiss [Professor Selzer] because of his involvement with the Central Intelligence Agency." That is untrue. We asked the president to hold a hearing to ascertain the facts, and then to take whatever action seemed appropriate. Ms. Ravitch quoted but apparently did not understand the language of the resolution; *i.e.*, Selzer's actions *"would* warrant removal from the college" (emphasis added). "Would" does not mean "does;" it means that *if* he has done that of which he has been accused, dismissal would be warranted.

2. Second sentence: "For all they knew, Selzer's service to the CIA involved nothing more than a 15-minute phone conversation following a trip to Europe last summer." Exactly—but the Department has never claimed to be certain of that, or any of the other facts. As I told Ms. Ravitch when she telephoned me before writing her article, Professor Selzer admitted to the Department that he had a relationship with the CIA—period. Professor Selzer has repeatedly refused to give the Department a complete account of his CIA-related activities. It is thus true that "The department failed to make any objective determination of the facts." We had no sources on the basis of which to make an "objective determination." That is precisely why we asked the college president to hold a hearing that would both place Professor Selzer under compulsion to impart information and protect his due process rights—neither of which the Department could do. Our lack of knowledge renders ludicrous the next to last sentence of the first paragraph: ". . . the facts of his case, most of which are undisputed."

3. According to the article, the ad hoc committee convened by the Department was "chaired by the wife of one of Selzer's accusers" (the editor's note speaks more dramatically of "one of Selzer's chief accusers"). I chaired the committee. My husband is one of the members of the Department from whom Professor Selzer solicited contacts abroad and feels strongly about professor's use of academic "cover" to gather information for the CIA, but to speak of him as a "chief accuser" is nonsense. Having no independent knowledge of the facts, neither he nor I accused anybody of anything. The editor's note in effect accuses the ACLU of being "aligned with the forces against" Selzer, primarily because I am a member of its national academic freedom committee, and, again, because my husband is a "chief accuser." (I am uncertain whether the editors think I should resign from the ACLU or if they would prefer for me to give up my husband. They do not muster convincing reasons for either.) If there are "forces against" Selzer, I do not know who or what they are. It seems obvious that a member of the ACLU's academic freedom committee would, at the least, have a deep commitment to safeguarding academic freedom, and not engage in "McCarthyism of the left." It is also fairly nauseating to discover that a supposedly informed, "liberal" journal assumes that a woman professor is automatically and definitively influenced by her husband's opinions.

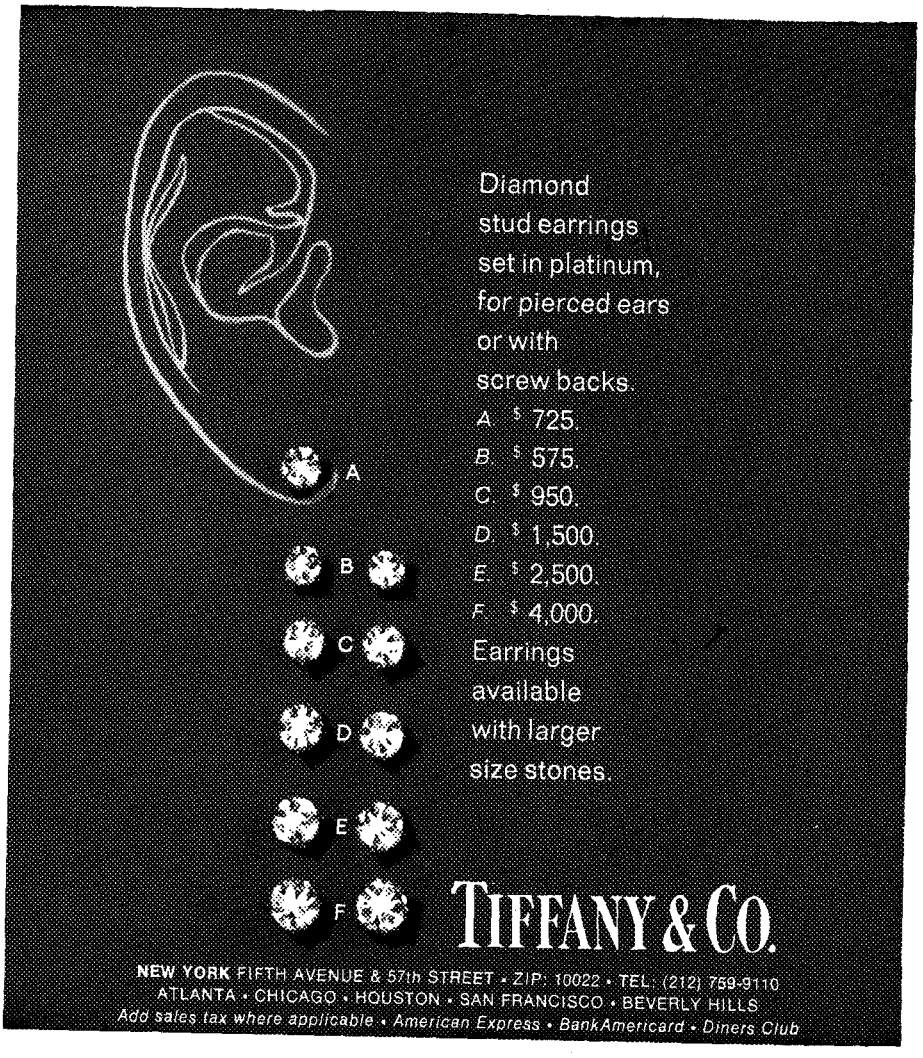
The real question, still to be discussed, is whether the agreement of an academic to use his or her credentials as a subterfuge under which to gather information for a government intelligence agency threatens the collegiality of the academy, the credibility of other scholars doing research abroad, and the rights of students.

Philippa Strum
Brooklyn College

The editors reply:

Since Philippa Strum does not assert that there were any errors of fact in Diane Ravitch's article, readers of the

(continued on page 38)



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victories into wider electoral margins, and many believe this has a salutory effect, that it adds to the legitimacy of the result and enhances the ability of a president to govern. When 70 million voters divide with a plurality of only 100,000 votes, as they did between Kennedy and Nixon in 1960, the result approaches perfect dissensus. Reasonable men must count the outcome a standoff. What is needed in these circumstances is precisely what Kennedy had, a standby device previously agreed upon to permit one of the two men to govern: an electoral college. What will remain of a president's mandate to govern, however popularly purified, if such a result occurs in a runoff election? Will the results of the first election ever be forgotten, or will those results actually define the new president's capacity to govern?

We know well enough by now that it is impossible to tinker with one part of the electoral mechanism without creating a ripple effect among the rest. If the electoral college is abandoned, the next step surely would be a national primary or some variation thereon. As Austin Ranney has noted, all the first principles argued against the electoral college apply with equal force against national nominating conventions: they are an imposition between the electorate and the outcome; they are mechanisms for aggregating minorities and, as such, often bend results; and it has happened in both parties that the man with fewer popular votes ultimately wins the nomination.

Follow the ripples in the water just a bit further. Most proposals for a national primary include the same provision for a 40 percent runoff as the Bayh amendment for direct popular vote. Thus it is quite conceivable, and even probable, that we could have the equivalent of six national elections every four years—two national primaries and a general election, each with a runoff!

The enormous impact that television has had on presidential politics, the recent spread of primary elections, and last year's public financing experiment all reflect a trend toward nationalizing presidential politics. Proposals for direct election of the president and national primaries will prejudice our politics in the same direction: both diminish the role of the states and devalue the nominations of the major parties. Nor are these the only propositions for further reform. President Carter, Vice President Mondale and most of Birch Bayh's coalition also wish to adopt a system of universal voter registration, abolish the Hatch Act and use public funds to finance congressional races.

Political reform is an episodic phenomenon in the United States. The progressive era was the last time there were so many serious possibilities of change on the horizon at the same time. The reforms of that period included women's suffrage, the direct election of senators, the direct primary and referendum and recall. The progressive impulse was to give stronger and more certain direction of public affairs to a popular majority. Yet at least two of its instruments (referendum and recall) and in some instances a third (the direct primary) were turned into tools for minority pressure.

The current reform impulse seems to be in the direction of a purer one-man-one-vote majoritarianism, set in motion by the reapportionment decisions of the Supreme Court. We have removed barriers to registration and voting and eliminated other features that seemed to dilute the influence of individual citizens in the political process. Elimination of the electoral college is a threshhold change to a future of strict majoritarianism. If only one could know what that future holds.

The American political system may be at a point of serious mutation. As we evaluate the proposition that Senator Bayh places before us, we would do well to heed the caution of Professor Bickel: "There are great virtues in a conservative attitude towards structural features of government. The sudden abandonment of institutions is an act that reverberates in ways no one can predict and many come to regret. There may be a time when societies can digest radical structural change, when they are young and pliant, relatively small, containable, and readily understandable; when men can see the scenery shift without losing their sense of direction. We are not such a society."

Hospitals say it's unworkable,
and intend to make it so.

HEW's Half-Measure

Jimmy Carter gave another lesson on efficiency last week, and his pupils didn't like it one bit. As in the energy talk of the week before, the theme was austerity. Carter and Joseph Califano, his Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, unveiled a plan on April 25 designed to reduce the cost of health care by putting a federal limit on the amount of money any hospital can make in a year.

The following morning, the president of the American Hospital Association, Alexander McMahon, called reporters into his office for some important news. He and his colleagues were "strongly opposed" to the plan. It was unworkable, "horrendously complex," tantamount to "Russian roulette," simplistic, formulistic and arbitrary. He predicted that doctors, insurance companies and local officials would rise up against it. "The real victims would be the sick and injured, and for their sake," he said, "hospitals across the country will unite to oppose this bill." For their sake

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and for other reasons, he predicted, Congress would never pass it.

Let us hope that Carter is prepared for the struggle that's coming. In just a few weeks he has offended the barrellers of the federal pork, the producers of oil and natural gas, the auto makers and, now, the health care industry. The last takes more courage than one might guess, for health care accounts for nearly nine percent of the gross national product today. With troops engaged on every front, Carter will have trouble winning even one of his battles.

Austerity is not a popular cause, and it is positively despised when applied to a basic service like health care, a necessity that for some people is available only when hospitals are in a generous mood. Precisely because it touches every citizen where he is vulnerable, the subject is an emotional one. Like the defenders of law 'n' order, the defenders of America's health are not lightly tampered with. They know how to protect themselves. McMahon accused Califano of using "scare tactics" in his speech about hospital costs, but in fact just the opposite is true. McMahon served notice that the hospitals are armed with better scare weapons than the government: they can close their doors. One can be certain that if the hospitals say they will put up a fight, they will do just that. Why did Carter challenge these people at this time?

The need for action is evident. The cost of health care is accelerating so rapidly that economists and budget planners now regard it as a kind of good soldier gone beserk. Its behavior threatens to disrupt the ranks of commerce. The rate of increase in hospital costs is about 15 percent a year, a trend that sets health apart from all other sectors of the economy—except oil. If nothing is done to slow this trend, hospitals and the people who work in them will begin to crowd other enterprises and professions out of the picture. As HEW Secretary Califano said, "Hospitals have become over the years . . . obese, if you will. They are not trim, and there are many things on which they can save money." They seem incapable of self-reform, not because they cannot afford to lose weight, but because they aggressively resist any attempt to restrict what they regard as their rightful prerogative to earn and spend money as they wish. Every hospital has its dream of glory, which necessarily requires rapid expansion of facilities and costs. As a group, these dreamers work on the buddy system. Their association, for which McMahon speaks, is employed to see that the good that comes to one comes to all, and that the bad is kept at a distance. Included in the category of bad is every form of "outside interference." They aren't organized to carry out a program of self-restraint.

In the absence of any self-restraint, what force from outside the hospital can keep costs within reasonable bounds? In other industries, the lowly consumer performs this job by refusing to buy goods when the price is too high. But in health care the consumer's good sense is numbed. He can't refuse to get sick, and when he does get sick and his doctor sends him to the hospital, he usually doesn't have to pay the bill himself. He doesn't have an opportunity to shop around for the best price, and even if he did, he would have little incentive to do so. The real purchaser of health care is the patient's doctor, and he gets no reward for keeping hospital bills low. The only countervailing force in the present system, therefore, is the government. But this particular government has chosen to intervene with a technician's dream, not a political solution.

McMahon of the Hospital Association was particularly annoyed by the complexity of the Carter plan. He said it would place new administrative burdens on hospitals, require impossible accounting chores, spawn a new generation of bureaucrats and throw health budgets generally into chaos. Califano said it would require "no new forms," no additional reporting, few if any new chores. A HEW official who helped draft the plan was queried about this contradiction. Insisting on anonymity, he responded to McMahon in absolutes: "That just isn't so . . . We designed the program so that you do not need any new pieces of paper, any new compliance tests, any new audits . . . all you're doing is a couple of additional calculations on the basis of numbers already submitted. It will not require any additional people or any real new work on the part of hospitals. I think he's grasping at straws, frankly." The official dismissed McMahon's other complaints, without hesitation, as "baloney."

McMahon's cause may be baloney, but his specific complaint cannot be swept aside so lightly. The plan is decidedly cumbersome. Carter's health experts set out to do something simple, but when they came to the actual task of fitting it into the byzantine structure of American health financing, they came to woe. They succumbed to the problem that has undone every federal plan to cut costs. The system will not submit to halfway, technical solutions, no matter how simple they seem in concept. There are 6000 acute-care hospitals in the US, all of which will be affected by the new ultimatum. Each receives money from a variety of quirky payors: individual patients, Blue Cross, private insurance companies, Medicare, Medicaid and sometimes special local programs. Many are accountable as well to local health planners, health inspectors, local cost reviewers, federal planners and, now, federal

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cost reviewers. Doctors also have a large say in what happens at the hospital. As a result, many hospital administrators are terribly confused about what really goes on within the walls of their kingdoms and unsure of what is expected of them. Their real expertise is in keeping the hospital solvent and in pleasing a variety of bosses. Most of all, they must please the doctors.

Now a new administration comes to town with a good idea. To prevent costs from getting any further out of hand, it will impose a ceiling on hospital incomes. No hospital will be able to make more than nine percent this year, and less than that next year. How is the good idea applied? It is heaped atop all the other good ideas that have come before. If anyone doubts that we are governed by technocrats, Califano's explanation to reporters of how the plan would work should dispel the doubt. Simple, he said: "What we are saying basically is that the allowable increase will equal the increase in the GNP deflator for the most recently published 12-month period, plus one-third of the difference between the average annual increase in hospital costs in the preceeding two years, and the increase in the GNP deflator for the same period." The formula will be applied and enforced by Medicare "intermediaries," the health insurance funds.

The concept is not hard to understand. Califano might have said, "We will allow hospital budgets to grow at the rate of inflation plus one-third of the past rate of non-inflationary growth." But even if he had put it this way, it is not the kind of cry that people will rally round, particularly if they first learn of it from their local hospital. One can almost write the local news stories in advance, and the hero will not be Jimmy Carter. The hero will be the small-town bureaucrat-hating hospital administrator, trying to save his shop from bankruptcy, defending his community against enemies from abroad and at home. The Hospital Association already has invoked those images, and McMahon said he found "nothing" in Carter's bill that he could support in any future compromise.

Joe Califano prudently labeled this bill an "interim measure." He knew its life would be brief. The flaw is that it attempts to add another layer of control to a system that is designed specifically to resist control. No structural change is proposed. For example, the legislation does not get at one of the central problems, the fact that doctors have every incentive to send patients to the hospital, but no reason to cut unnecessary costs. Doctors' fees and prerogatives are not questioned, even though hospital administrators say that their attempts to create efficient service are often overruled by the doctors. Carter's health officials are said to be working on a plan to extend cost controls to doctors, but nothing of the kind has been made public.

As a halfway measure, the Carter hospital plan is unexceptionable. It serves an educational purpose, if nothing else. The hospitals' bitter resistance suggests that they aren't prepared to make the adjustments that will be necessary if the health care system is to survive in its present form. It means that they are delaying the day of reckoning, so that when it comes, change will be imposed radically, in a single great sweep.

Eliot Marshall

We're on the losing side again, by sheer inertia.

Our Man Mobutu

At the close of an obscure and otherwise customarily dull congressional hearing last week, a State Department aide startled the lone remaining senator, Dick Clark, Democrat of Iowa, with an interesting little revelation. By the way, the official added almost as an afterthought, the Carter administration wanted Congress to approve $30 million worth of M-60 tanks and armored personnel carriers for the regime of Zaire's President Mobutu Sese Seko, who already is getting $13 million in special "non-lethal" US aid to wage a shadowy guerrilla war in the country's copper-rich Shaba Province.

Amid the controversy (and some incredulity) that followed, President Carter himself retreated to equivocation, by saying it was " highly unlikely" he would approve the tank deal. But the incident remained an apt reminder of the larger historical folly of American policy toward Zaire, and of the hypocrisy of the new administration in resting its ostensibly *new* African diplomacy on our old friend Mobutu. Since 1962 Washington has poured $350 million in public economic and military aid into the large central African state, while the CIA has paid more than $150 million in covert money directly to General Mobutu.

What is the monument to our patronage? Potentially one of the richest countries in Africa, with vast natural resources, for a decade one of the chief aid recipients in Africa, Zaire remains an unrelieved calamity of poverty and exploitation. Between 1960 and 1970 it recorded almost no tangible economic growth. In 1973 the UN chose Zaire, for all its mineral wealth, as one of the truly destitute nations of the third world.

The plight of the average Zairean, of course, is not readily visible in the person of General Mobutu, who personally pockets Western corporate kickbacks as well as the CIA money, whose family controls a private monopoly over the nation's huge and still untapped diamond deposits, and whose ethnic-tribal dictatorship simply murders or imprisons internal critics. Now in conspicuous disarray fighting in Shaba, Mobutu's army, trained and armed by the USA, is a vivid emblem of the regime's squalor. Diplomatic folklore brims with stories of this force *manqué*, as when a multi-million-

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dollar US paratroop training program in the 1960s climaxed with a demonstration for VIPs in which the elite brigade took off to stage their drop, only to discover over the site that they had forgotten their chutes. But the latest "Congo follies," as they are known in the State Department's more cynical precincts, are not so comic-opera amusing. While Mobutu's corruption and Zaire's poverty deepened, the army was purged of all but the general's regional and tribal serfs, whose continuing loyalty in an officially bankrupt government was purchased by periodic authorized episodes of plunder and looting, mainly at the expense of traditional tribal rivals. Many observers worry that if Mobutu does manage to subdue the Shaba rebellion, with US and French aid, the sequel will be a brutal episode of repression and conceivably even genocide among local tribes suspected of sympathy for the invaders.

As it is, the army frequently takes matters into its own hands. Uniformed Zairean troops actually broke into the US Consulate in Lubumbashi on July 4, 1976, and, presumably in their own celebration of the American bicentennial, lifted $10,000 in local currency. The Ford administration buried official reports of the incident. The Lubumbashi caper drew only a tame protest from Washington at the time. A generation of money and careers invested in Zaire (much as in Vietnam) has spawned an officialdom in State and the Pentagon who instinctively look the other way when Mobutu & Co. savage their own people, or dip into the petty cash of US consulates. But Washington's devotion is not only a matter of bureaucratic indulgence. The CIA needs to show both the Russians and rival US agencies that it can still "run" a decent little operation (and keep its client in power), after the 1975-76 debacle in neighboring Angola. And beyond the intelligence game, there are powerful American economic interests, beginning with the Chase Manhattan Bank, who wish to keep Mobutu atop the mess, if only because a successor regime might naturally repudiate the hundreds of millions in international debts (the exact figure is a guarded corporate and official secret) incurred by Zaire over the past decade. So CIA clandestine subsidies are painstakingly laundered, then spent hiring mercenaries to shore up Mobutu's combat-shy veterans; corporate pressure mounts on the State Department for more military aid; and officials who talk about the large and small scandals of the policy are openly fearful of career reprisals if their dissent becomes known within the government. In miniature—and with all the obvious differences in time and place—it is uncomfortably reminiscent of Southeast Asia. With nervous chuckles, officials refer to Kinshasa as "Saigon *noire*."

The M-60 backtracking suggests that the administration probably is not going to wade much deeper into the Zaire swamp. But the more important point is that the US has no good reason to go on supporting the Mobutu regime at all. Whoever the Shaba invaders may be (the evidence is that they are mostly embittered Zaireans Mobutu and the CIA sent into Angola in 1975), however they are backed (probably by the Soviets and Cubans as well as Mobutu opponents in Zaire), whatever their goals (probably the overthrow of Mobutu), they are exploiting an authentic popular agony in Zaire that will explode later if not now. Once again, by sheer inertia, we are on a losing side with neither principle nor national interest to justify the sacrifice. Jimmy Carter should stop a good deal more than a few symbolic tanks.

Roger Morris

Some good words about
the $50 you'll never get.

Requiem for a Rebate

Why did the Carter administration abandon the $50 rebate? There are three possibilities. It could have been a bad idea from the start—unnecessary, ineffective, or both—and its abandonment in April just an acknowledgment of error. It could have been a good idea in January, rendered unnecessary by the emergence of unexpected strength in the economy in April. Or it could have been a good idea in January and still necessary and desirable in April, in which case the decision to drop it must be explained on political grounds. Any sort of reasoned appraisal has to rest on an understanding of how the policy was supposed to work.

The rebate was the largest single item in the administration's economic stimulus package for 1977. Although formally a one-time rebate of $50 per person against 1976 income taxes, the proposal was to pay $50 to everyone, including those who owed no taxes for 1976. In effect, therefore, it was a simple lump-sum once-only transfer payment. The rebate would have added $10 billion to the purchasing power of consumers during the second quarter of 1977. As they spent the extra income, the goods they took off shelves would have to be replaced. Sales would generate production in the normal way and the expectation was that employment would rise. And there would be more to come because of the multiplier effect, the spending of a normal fraction of the after-tax income earned by that extra production would generate more sales and production and employment.

The object of the rebate was to create jobs. When those inside and outside the administration who would have preferred to see the $10 billion spent on direct federal employment were described as favoring "job

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creation" over the tax rebate, the description was misleading. It would be more accurate to speak of a choice between direct and indirect job creation. Some argued that the direct approach would generate somewhat more employment per dollar spent than the rebate, and do it quicker. But it is possible that the indirect opening up of normal private-sector jobs through the rebate would be more valuable than the temporary creation of public-sector jobs. In any event the simple distinction between job creation and the rebate makes about as much sense—as Arthur Okun has put it—as criticizing someone for pumping air into the top of a tire that is obviously flat on the bottom.

The House of Representatives did pass a bill embodying the rebate but denying part of it to those with incomes above $20,000 and all of it those with incomes higher than $30,000. Fairness aside, there is a good economic reason for this: people with higher incomes are less likely to spend the rebate, precisely because they need it less, and the money won't help create jobs unless it is spent. By the time the bill reached the Senate there was a lot of grumbling, statements that the rebate was "unnecessary" and "wouldn't work" anyway, and continuing assertions that it couldn't pass. At this point President Carter dumped it. What could have been his reasons?

There were persistent press reports that some Democratic senators were using opposition to the rebate as a reminder to Carter that they resented his messing around with water projects in their states. An economist has no special comment on this reason for opposition except perhaps to wish that this particular game of chicken were played for some other prize.

What are we to make of the view that the rebate (or any other stimulus) never was needed? There are two variants to this line of argument. One of them says, in effect, that production and employment were rising in January, as they had been rising for almost two years, and were still rising in April, and concludes that stimulation therefore would be superfluous. The other calls attention to the persistent inflation, expected by nearly everyone to continue at something near six percent a year, remarks that prices have risen even faster in the last month or two, and concludes that the rebate (or any stimulus) actually would be inflationary.

The first variant misses the point. No immediate recession was expected in January, nor was the stimulus package designed to prevent one. The problem is not that the economy is in immediate danger of going downhill. The problem is that it started in a deep hole after a serious recession, and it has been going uphill too slowly ever since. The object of the rebate was to move it along faster. A better argument could be made that even with the rebate the expected pace of recovery in 1977 was too slow. Nearly all serious forecasters expected unemployment at the end of 1977 to be very close to seven percent, even with the rebate. By earlier postwar standards that is still recession-level unemployment. It is utterly unrealistic to describe the rebate, or the Carter package as a whole, as threatening to overheat or over-accelerate a booming economy.

The second variant misses the mark too. To say that the "underlying" rate of inflation is about six percent is to say that the price level has been rising for so long at about that speed that the process of passing on cost increases and realigning wage contracts will keep it rising at six percent or so for several years even if economic conditions were to stabilize at any reasonable level. By no stretch of the imagination could the rebate be responsible for more than one or two tenths of a percentage point of inflation during 1977 or 1978. Dropping it will save no more than that. It is possible to wring cost-induced inflation out of an economy like ours by depressing it. The attempt to do so was one of the important causes of the major recession of 1974-5. Presumably Carter does not want a repeat. But in any case, so far as the ongoing six percent inflation is concerned, the rebate is, if I may say so, peanuts.

If the rebate was a good idea in January, it is a good idea now. Recent developments in auto sales, in housing and in some other sectors might lead a nervous forecaster to shade upward from his earlier beliefs. But the differences are trivial—a couple of tenths of a percent in growth of real GNP. Without the rebate, the fourth quarter of this year is unlikely to be anything to write home about. Even with the rebate, it would hardly have been worth a postcard. If economic policy is going to respond to quivers of the kind we have experienced since January, then my friends in Washington are going to get mighty tired of explaining.

Within the economic profession, the main doubt about the rebate rested on quite different grounds. Recent research has suggested that consumer spending doesn't respond all that much to temporary changes in after-tax income. The basic idea is that consumers think in longer terms than economists suspected, and will not necessarily spend $50 they know they are only going to get once. In effect the windfall will be spread over a lifetime's consumption, with only a little bit of it coming in the near future. That is what is meant by the rebate "not working."

This is a very complicated issue, and the data of the past do not speak very clearly. We really have only two episodes to study: the 1968 tax surcharge and the 1975 rebate; that's not much of a foundation for science. If you are prepared to wait for five or six quarters, it is possible that a substantial fraction of an explicitly temporary tax reduction gets spent, though probably less than if the tax cut were perceived as permanent. The evidence permits that interpretation, but does not require it. After a deep recession many households may be too low on cash to spend what long-run considerations suggest they should spend. Such families will spend a temporary windfall fully. It also is possible that many families treat small windfalls casually. (I

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know one such family well.) For them, a $50 rebate might be spent rather quickly, while a $500 windfall would be folded into the long-run plan.

The impotence of temporary tax reductions has become an article of faith among professional conservatives, including many who know nothing of the principles and uncertainties of the argument. For them the theory performs a simple function: it allows them to urge permanent tax reduction: not because they regard economic expansion as important, but because they can hope that permanent reduction of tax rates will lead eventually to smaller government and fewer social services. Professional liberals, on the other side, have clung to the one-time rebate idea precisely to preserve Federal revenues.

This bit of skirmishing is all a diversion. Temporary tax reduction may well be a useful kind of stimulus, even though the timing and extent of the consumer spending response is uncertain. For those who want the stimulus but have doubts about the effectiveness of a one-time rebate, the natural alternative need not be permanent tax reduction. Temporary reduction of expenditure taxes, for example, is a desirable strategy will all the right characteristics. A temporary excise tax reduction can be expected to pull expenditures from the future into the present, promptly and strongly, encouraging people to get while the getting is good. A downward bump at the far end can be avoided by gradual phasing out. The tax base is preserved. The effect is anti-inflationary. Temporary variation in the investment tax credit is an example of such a device; it appears now that the Senate may insist on retaining this part of Carter's package against his will and his argument that after dropping the personal rebate it is inequitable. We have no broad-based federal excise tax to maneuver with on the consumption side, but it would not be hard to work out a way for the Treasury to subsidize a temporary reduction in state excise taxes when that sort of thing is needed. The administration has made no such noises.

For someone worried about 1978 and 1979, about the durability and not vigor of the recovery, permanent tax reduction now would seem the logical answer. A soft 1977 is not a good launching pad for strong 1978.

You can make excuses for the abandonment of the rebate, but they are not very convincing. They are keeping their powder dry for 1978 (but the economy will be in slightly better shape then than now and the case for stimulus weaker). They are saving the revenues to sweeten a real tax reform (but to believe that you have to ignore a lot of history). No, if I may quote a sentence from an Oxford academic committee reviewing a different story of unfulfilled promises: we are compelled to infer infirmity of purpose.

Robert M. Solow

Robert M. Solow is professor of economics at MIT.

But would you want your daughter to marry one?

Anita Bryant is Mad About Gays

by Morton Kondracke

The military intelligence services of the United States used to have, maybe still have, corps of investigators trained to spot, pursue and, if possible, "break" homosexuals in uniform or in defense-related civilian jobs. Filled with righteousness and honored in the services, these specialists were known as "homo men" and they used to boast to junior agents that they could "smell a queer a mile off." They were driven, indefatigable men who would follow a quarry around town night after night to gather evidence, haunting gay bars, staking out lovers' lanes and bugging motel rooms. Once they had gathered what they wanted on paper, in photos and on tape, they would confront their terrified suspect in an interview room wired for sound. They would extract a confession, often a sobbed one, and offer sympathy in return for the names of partners and other homosexual friends. And they would conclude the process by demanding a signed and sworn affadavit that would doom the homosexual's own career and, presumably, send waves of terror through homosexual circles in the defense establishment.

"Breaking a queer" was a cause for celebration and commendation in military intelligence units. The rationale was that every homosexual was a security risk who could be blackmailed into spying for the Russians under threat of exposure. There was a simple, less expensive and painful alternative to rooting out homosexuals, of course. Simply letting them declare

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their proclivities openly would foreclose the possibility of blackmail, but this was unthinkable to the homo men—a challenge to God's will, a threat to the moral well-being of the nation, they said, and the ruination of the armed forces. But, there always seemed more to it than that. The homo men enjoyed their work. They got their kicks from chasing gays. Breaking one almost made them quiver.

The same aura of extraordinary passion about gays surrounds the campaign now being mounted in Miami—and soon to go national—by singer Anita Bryant, the Florida orange juice lady. Bryant seems to experience more than a straight person's ordinary willies about homosexuality. She is incandescent about it, alight with fires. "Homosexuality is an abomination to the Lord," she says, citing *Leviticus*. "Homosexuals will recruit our children . . . . " In cool moods, Bryant often tells interviewers that she does not hate homosexuals as such, only what they do. Sometimes she says she does not even mind if they do it, so long as they keep it a secret and do not "flaunt" their lifestyle, especially in front of children. She believes, she says, in "live and let live."

On other occasions, Miss Bryant burns again with an unnatural glow. She says that ordinances banning discrimination against gays, such as the one the Metro Dade County Commission has enacted in Miami, "puts the law on the side of the unrighteous. If homosexuals are allowed to change the law in their favor, why not prostitutes, thieves and murderers?" Because homosexual couples can't have children, she claims, "they can only recruit children, and this is what they want to do. Some of the stories I could tell you of child recruitment and child abuse by homosexuals would turn your stomach." It seems to follow logically from such remarks that Bryant, if she defeats the Dade County ordinance, will be impelled to cleanse the Florida schools of homosexual teachers, lest they use their positions to "recruit" and seduce. She ought to go on from there to lead a crusade against homosexuals in the movie and television industries, and the churches, purging them from other places where their example, message or influence, overt or covert, might affect public attitudes. The employment possibilities for retired "homo men" would be tremendous.

'Gay'

Everything about gays seems to be in dispute. Nobody is sure why gays become gay. We don't know how openly to let gays be gay. And, gays do not know why they are called gay. According to the Oxford English Dictionary, the earliest use of a 'gay'-like word for homosexuals occurred in a 1935 book, *Underworld and Prison Slang*, recording *geycat* as a term for a homosexual boy. The OED also has traced the word *gay cat* back to 1897, when it meant "young or inexperienced hobo," whence *geycat* may have developed. A spokesman at the National Gay Task Force in New York said another theory is that "gay" may refer to the German pronunciation of the letter 'g,' used as an underworld code for illicit activities, including homosexuality. Yet another theory is that the word derives from the Greek legend of Ganymede, son of Tros, the King of Troy, who was carried off by Zeus because of his beauty and became Zeus's cup-bearer.

Bryant's associates in the Save Our Children campaign, as it is called, deny that she is bent on a witchhunt against homosexuals. The organization's intent, they say, is only to block passage of permissive gay rights legislation. After Dade County holds a referendum to reconsider its ordinance on June 7, said Miami advertising man Mike Thompson, chairman of the Florida Conservative Union, the campaign will move on to Washington to fight against HR 2998, a bill sponsored by Representative Edward Koch of New York to prohibit discrimination based on "affectional or sexual preference" in public accommodations, education, employment, housing and other categories covered by the 1964 Civil Rights Act. Incorporation papers for the national Save Our Children organization have been filed in Washington, a national advisory board of notables is being assembled and mailing lists are being compiled for fundraising purposes. First Research Corp. of Miami has been commissioned to take a national poll to determine what percentage of the population favors "federal legislation requiring public schools to hire homosexuals as teachers and counsellors."

According to Thompson, "we don't object to homosexual teachers, as long as they stay in the closet. Nobody wants to run them out of town." Thompson puts homosexuals into three categories. Two of the three don't worry him. The "closet type doesn't bother anybody. A blatant child molester or child recruiter, which the homosexuals call 'chickenhawks,' the ones who go after little boys, are a small minority among homosexuals and there are laws against them." The homosexuals Thompson claims Bryant is really campaigning against—despite some of her lurid words about gays in general—are "role modeling homosexuals, the ones who aren't openly recruiting, but who don't stay in the closet. It's the homosexual who is blatant in his profession of his preferences and who gives the impression to young people that this lifestyle is not odd or to be avoided, but just an alternative. All the evidence indicates that homosexuals aren't born; they're made. They choose. We believe that homosexuals can become heterosexual and that heterosexuals could become homosexuals. But even if they can't change what they are, at least they can keep it hidden, or suppress their drive to express their proclivities."

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Thompson said SOC opposes protection of gays from employment discrimination because its members want school systems to be able to exclude professing homosexuals from teaching jobs. He said a gynecologist shouldn't have to hire a professing lesbian as a nurse. SOC also wants to protect a straight person's right to keep gays out of his or her "family" apartment building, hotel, bar or private school. According to Anita Bryant, "our lives were never made to protect abnormals. They were made for the majority."

For its part, the national leadership of the gay rights movement is delighted with Anita Bryant. Jean O'Leary, co-chairman of the National Gay Task Force in New York, said, "Bryant is doing for us what we couldn't do ourselves—making gay rights a subject of household discussion. She's not convincing people, but she's giving us a chance to come on and tell them things they've never heard before."

The case presented by O'Leary and her co-chairman, Bruce Voeller, leaves a straight person with very little reason to deny gays protection under the civil rights laws. Clearly, *Leviticus* doesn't apply; it forbids shaving as well as sodomy, and also prescribes stoning to death for adulterers. One can't sustain the fear that homosexuals are dangerous child molesters; most such offenses, studies indicate, are committed by heterosexuals against little girls, often within families.

The gays assert it's myth that straight children will be converted to homosexuality by encountering openly gay teachers or other positive role models. Gays *will* portray their lifestyle as an equal alternative to the straight way, but it seems reasonable to conclude that the only kids they will convince are those who would end up gay anyhow, possibly after much unhappiness. Voeller said he was married eight years before acknowledging he was homosexual; O'Leary tried to bury her lesbian urges in a convent before accepting them. In a contest, anyway, straight society has all the advantages of television, *Playboy* magazine, Barbie dolls and football heroes, not to mention a 90 percent population edge and millenia of heterosexual cultural tradition to help it instill its way of life in its kids. If it can't sustain itself with that headstart, perhaps it deserves the destruction that befell Sodom.

There remain several other arguments against permissiveness toward homosexuals. One is that gays are sick, unhappy people whose lifestyle should be discouraged by society. The theory apparently is that, if society frowns hard enough, homosexuals and would-be homosexuals will seek treatment to go or stay straight. The American Psychiatric Association has dropped its designation of homosexuality as an illness, but many therapists stick stoutly to the old point of view. There is no agreement whatever, after all the tomes written on the subject, about what causes homosexuality, but it does seem clear that the "cure" rate in therapy is low. Gays charge that most of their unhappiness, fearfulness, guilt and remorse is the result of pressure from straight society. They'd be a lot happier, gays claim, if their parents didn't consider them dead, if they didn't have to hide, if they didn't have to switch pronouns when talking in public about the person they love. The question is: how much discouragement from society constitutes repression? Permitting the denial of housing, jobs and access to public accommodations seems excessive.

Another objection is that, if we write gays into the civil rights laws, they will be back next year for affirmative action programs and quotas. As it happens, the gay activist political program does not include either of those items. Spokesmen maintain that once they are protected from discrimination, gays can make their way quite nicely in society, and do pretty well already, in fact, in spite of discrimination. As presented March 26 to White House aide Margaret Costanza (and sympathetically received), the gay activist agenda includes these steps: an end to the military policy of expelling homosexuals, and upgrading of some 70,000 past less-than-honorable discharges; a halt to discrimination in immigration and the granting of citizenship; reversal of the Internal Revenue Service ruling that gay groups can't get tax deductible status if they claim homosexuality is as good as heterosexuality; rights to organize gays in prison; more federal grants to gay social service groups; a Federal Communications Commission ruling that local stations must consult gay groups as they do other minority representatives; and a change in the US Civil Service Commission ruling that still allows gays to be barred from jobs in the FBI, the State Department and the CIA. At the state level, gays want sodomy laws repealed and some seek legislation legalizing homosexual marriages, and the right of qualified homosexual couples to adopt children.

Bryant followers claim that one Dade ordinance or Koch bill will open the floodgates to everything the gay militants say they want, and maybe more. They are all but using the argument: but, would you want your daughter to marry one? It won't necessarily happen that way. Just thinking about items in the gay rights agenda gives many straights the shivers. That gut rejection is probably the basic reason why a completely permissive society will be a long time arriving, if it ever does. The gay rights movement has made enormous advances in the last five years against a prejudice that previously was all but absolute. Jean O'Leary observed, "we used to be 'queers,' 'dykes' and 'faggots.' Straight people couldn't get the words 'lesbian' or 'homosexual' out of their mouths." Now, more than 30 cities have gay rights ordinances on the books, and Koch's bill has 39 co-sponsors. But all of this can be looked at the other way around, as well: 30 cities is a small fraction of the nation's total, and 39 is a small minority in a House of 435 representatives. The United States is toying with permissiveness, trying it out slowly, and Anita Bryant, in spite of herself, is helping the process along.

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The Harlot's Prerogative, continued.

Profit Without Honor

by Henry Fairlie

One of the roots of the confusion of the American press about its proper role lies in the kind of privileges it now thinks it can claim. There is and there can be, for example, no "right to know," the most ludicrous of claims for the press to make. For one thing, there can be no right that cannot be enforced or guaranteed, and there is no way of enforcing or guaranteeing a "right to know." If one opens a cabinet meeting to the public, it merely means that the private debate is removed elsewhere; and will the journalist then press "the right to know" into the privy, where the president presumably will have retired with his advisers, the reporters permitted to stand in the bathtub while he sits enthroned on the seat?

There is no "right to know" anything; but there is (or there should be) a right to publish. There is a world of difference between the two concepts. If the *Washington Post* or the *New York Times* see fit to publish some stolen documents purveyed to them by Daniel Ellsberg, that is their right. But it has nothing to do with the alleged "right to know." This is one example of the way in which the claim to a false privilege may in the end weaken a legitimate privilege. There is something absurd in the picture we have been given of Kay Graham and her executives waiting breathlessly in the old newsroom of the *Post* for the decision of the Supreme Court about the Pentagon Papers, and the excited cry of grown men, "We've won. We've won." They had won what? Really little more, and perhaps much less, than the more traditional right to "publish and be damned!"

There was nothing very glorious, no journalistic skill involved, in a man stealing the Pentagon Papers, or in the *Times* and the *Post* determining to publish them. What is more, there was nothing new in them, of any significance, that the public had a "right to know." I once spent three months with my head inside those hoods where one looks at microfilm, reading every word that the *Times* published about Vietnam during John Kennedy's administration, when the American involvement was begun; a large proportion of the words that the *Post* published; much of what appeared in the news magazines; and much also of what was printed in *The New Republic* and the *Nation* (the only two journals that emerged with clean hands). An abbreviated version of my findings was published in the *Washington Monthly*. Those findings were clear and irrefutable: that every supposed revelation of fact in the Pentagon Papers had been published by the American press, and especially by the *Times*, at the time between 1961 and 1963 when it occurred. There was no secret involvement in Vietnam. I did not extend my study beyond 1963, but I know someone who has done so, and with the same result: under Lyndon Johnson as much as under John Kennedy, the facts were published at the time, especially by the two newspapers that then published their versions of the Pentagon Papers with such fatuous bravado.

If I were to give a date for the beginning of the confusion about its role that now bedevils the American press it would be June 1971, when the Pentagon Papers were published. The stealing of public documents by someone whose knowledge of them was derived from his employment as a public servant does not seem to me an act of good journalism, or indeed of journalism at all; the publishing of them does not seem to me an act of bravery; but perhaps above all, the failure of either the *Times* or the *Post* to point out that there were no significant revelations in them of anything that they had not themselves published at the time, seems to me an act of dishonesty. And it is from there that we have come now to the stage of being invited even to honor Daniel Schorr, who purloined and then commercially purveyed other public documents, again resting his case on the "right to know," as he flies round the country from lecture fee to lecture fee, the example of the upstanding journalist.

The alleged "right to know" has taken the *Post*, especially, into a relentless series of "exposures" of some of the less public activities of public figures, primarily of members of Congress. The most droll example of this new zealotry was the revelation that Joseph Califano has a chef at HEW, who is paid some trifling sum. One would hope that he has a chef, for it is certainly cheaper for the taxpayer if the Secretary of HEW does his necessary entertaining in the office, rather than go to the Montpelier Room at the Madison Hotel, where the editors (and half editors and quarter editors) of the *Washington Post* pay extravagant sums for lunch with their credit cards, those sums then to be written into the cost of the paper we buy.

Wayne Hays clearly was open to the accusation that he had misused public funds: a rather trivial misuse of them, one must say, but a misuse of them nonetheless.

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In helping to expose this misuse, the press was engaged in a legitimate activity, although one cannot be rid of the irksome suspicion that it would have been less interested if sex had not been involved. But there was not the slightest evidence that, beyond that indiscretion (for it was hardly more), Hays had exercised his power and his influence, however ruthlessly, except in ways which, however much one may dislike them, did not deserve obloquy, and were no justification for hounding him. Yet the press, and the *Post* especially, hounded him almost to his death.

In one front-page story, two of the paper's most distinguished reporters described (from public documents; nothing was being hidden) the "empire" that Hays had built in Congress. It was very commonplace stuff: exactly how one would expect a legislative body like Congress to be organized, and its organization to be used by its more powerful members. Yet it was presented by the *Post*'s reporters as if they were describing the court of Nero. But the sexual inclinations of Hays always were there to be raked over—always with the self-rightous justification that the concern of the press was not with sexual morals but with the misuse of public funds—and it took none other than George McGovern, in a letter to the *Post*, to speak with knowledge and discrimination, with charity and good manners, of Hays's personal affection for his wife and his children.

McGovern's letter was humbling to read, but is the *Post* or the rest of the press humbled? Not to judge by their continuing behavior. We had the ludicrous, if it was not disgraceful, spectacle of Jack Anderson writing a column in which he accused a senator of seducing one of his constituents (as if it is unknown for an editor to seduce one of his reporters, or even one of his reporters to seduce the editor); of the executive editor, Ben Bradlee, refusing to publish the column, on the grounds of lack of evidence, and explaining his decision in an unusual apologia that was given the greatest possible prominence; and of Jack Anderson then being allowed to defend his column. In this way, while Bradlee and Anderson and the *Post* all could present themselves as morally righteous, they managed to tell the story of the alleged seduction twice, and make it titillating and controversial.

That "exposure" was no sooner over than the *Post* burst into print, across the top of its front page, with the revelation that a congressman had had children by his mistress, for whom he had maintained a home, while still maintaining one for his family, putting himself into debt in the process. There was no evidence that the congressman had misused public funds, although there were hints (those hints at which the press has recently become so adept) of some involvement with those apparently ubiquitous South Koreans; but basically the story, as it stood, was one of a man who had behaved with unusual honor in maintaining his mistress and her and his children, but that was not how it was presented.

The examples could be multiplied, but one must be satisfied here to point in illustration to the work of one reporter on the *Post*, usually given prominence on the front page, whose sole activity appears to be to comb through the accounts of senators or congressmen in order to show that they are misappropriating $300 here, $1000 there, from either their public emoluments or political funds. For the life of me, I cannot see what is wrong in a politician using his surplus campaign funds to sustain his continuing political activity, whether it is to maintain an apartment in his constituency or send flowers to the funerals of constituents. But on and on the "exposures" go by this reporter who seems hardly to be the kind of man with whom one would leave one's correspondence open on the table in the living room while one goes into the kitchen to get him a drink. There is something almost sleazy in the way in which he goes through the accounts of public men, which now, by law, have to be disclosed for his benefit.

There is also something fundamentally unserious about it—another of the causes of the lack of authority with which the press speaks today—for this is not where the real corruption in a political process is to be found, nor even the beginnings of the real corruption. I personally am not impressed by the American tradition of "muckraking" journalism, which now is witlessly called "investigative reporting." The main achievements of this tradition have over the years been little more than to get rid of, say, one mayor of Newark who had his hand in the till, so that he may be replaced by another mayor who has his hand in the till. Lincoln Steffens himself made this criticism, even though he was the greatest muckraker of them all, but then Steffens had a strongly held personal point of view. The early muckrakers were a part of the progressive movement, and it is worth quoting what Walter Lippmann said of Steffens:

> *. . . he left us with the feeling that not men but the conditions that make them were the sources of wrong. "In my hunt through the cities, states and the nation," he said, "I have found that men are sound, willing to be good, eager to do right." . . . His muckraking is done without a feeling of superiority. He does not pretend to be a better man than the people he exposes. He is not in the business of hauling bad people over the coals. He has muckraked himself.*

Of what journalist can that be said today?

Without some such posture as that of Steffens, who found in himself "pretty much the same kind of stuff that makes crooks," the whole effort at "muckraking" and now "investigative reporting" becomes little more than "hauling bad people over the coals," leaving the conditions and the system that give them their opportunity untouched and unchanged.

A few years ago I attended one of those pompous week-long seminars at the Aspen Institute to discuss

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"investigative reporting" with a number of celebrated American editors and newspapermen. I made my point that there was an economic system that needed inquiry, and at last burst out against the imperviousness of my American colleagues by saying that I would write without payment for them a series of articles to be entitled, "I Have an Enemy at Chase Manhattan." But there were no takers; and Walter Ridder, the owner of Ridder newspapers, made a very funny speech on the final morning of the seminar, saying that he had tossed and turned all night "wondering why we don't do what Henry asks, and attack the capitalists," and that as dawn had broken across the Rockies he had found the answer: "Because I am one of them."

It has to be recognized that the ownership of newspapers has, like the three television networks before them, become deeply enmeshed in the whole corporate structure of the United States. There is a sense in which Kay Graham, since she converted the *Post* into a public company, is hardly a free agent any longer, is herself subject to the faceless managers who run the corporate system. And this is true also, of course, of the proprietorship of the *Times*. It is the main reason why the editorial floor has in a lifetime been surrendered to the managerial floor.

This is why I have tried to avoid nitpicking at the press, and especially at individual stories, unless they seem (like the relentless pursuit of public figures for small pecadillos) to have an accumulated venom in them, symptons of a deeper disorder. The fault lies, as it always lies in any enfeebled enterprise, at the top; and it lies especially in the fact that, as with the television networks, "the top" is now part of the corporate structure of the country, so that newspapers are even beginning to diversify their activities, like any other conglomerates.

The press, and in this case that means in particular the *New York Times*, has done a poor, shoddy and, I would add, even dishonest job in reporting the troubles of New York City. Jack Newfield and Paul Dubrul have done a hurricane of a job in their new book (to be published in May), *The Abuse of Power: The Permanent Government and the Fall of New York*. They place much of the blame—the ultimate blame—where it justly belongs: on the great banks, on the utility companies, on the corporations. It is they who have said to New York: Drop Dead! But why confine one's attention to New York. The *Los Angeles Times* will join in the hounding of Wayne Hays, but in its own city it is part of the corporate establishment, and last summer, when I was there, was conducting a relentless campaign against the introduction of a decent rapid transit system. In every city one now finds the same. In Washington, for example, the *Post* is very speedy in pulling down a city official; it has yet to give five articles of investigative reporting to Riggs National Bank.

The private sector by and large gets away scot free from all the accusations of wrongdoing with which the press now fulfills its ennobled mission. The *Post* allowed me a few months ago to point out that the expense accounts of private businessmen, including newspaper executives, are at least as extravagant and even fraudulent as those of public officials and legislators, and that they are written into the cost of the product which the consumer must pay. But I suspect that it allowed me to say it because the subject would not be followed up, would instead disappear into that vast sea of print to which we contribute, on which oblivion falls each day. It is nevertheless here that the fault lies. In the debate about national health insurance, for example, and the fear of the taxation that will be needed to support it: Will the press point out, and regularly sustain the point, that Blue Cross and Blue Shield operate by Draconian taxes on the public?

It is not healthy, for a newspaper, that aspires to the authority that the *Post* seeks, to have "won" its battle with a union, as it "won" its battle against the pressmen. Everyone knows that the pressmen tragically ruined their case by wrecking the *Post*'s presses. But the pressmen's strike was crushed with methods and with a severity that are not usually accepted in the third quarter of the 20th century, and that the press in general or the *Post* in particular would not be likely to regard as acceptable from the owners of steel mills. Yet because it was a newspaper management that broke the strike—by methods as startling as crossing the picket lines by helicopter—the *Post* could take up its entire "Outlook" section one Sunday with its own account of the story—and no other newspaper has touched it properly, or even whimpered a protest. If those helicopters had been used by any other employer photographs would have been in every newspaper in the land.

It is not healthy also because, by crushing the pressmen and the other unions that came out in support, the *Post* weakened the Newspaper Guild. Again it has to be said, otherwise there is no point in writing these pieces at all, that the editorial staff of the *Post* is running scared: more scared than I have known the editorial staff of any newspaper with which I have been associated in 25 years. Unlike the freelancer, who can throw his belongings over his back and travel to new pastures, the editorial staff member of a newspaper is weak without a strong union. The voice of the Newspaper Guild has been drastically weakened by the *Post*'s "victory"—what a victory of which to boast on one's gravestone!—and with it there has been weakened the voice of the journalist protecting the standards of his profession against the management.

The root of almost every weakness of the American press just now will be found to lie not with individual journalists, although some of them seem to have become careless of the standards of their profession, but with a management whose concern with profit has become no different from that of any other corpora-

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tion. The press's coverage of foreign affairs is an acknowledged disgrace, but in recent years it has reached a new nadir of faddishness, which may be summarized in the proposition that every war is a Vietnam, and every scandal a Watergate. This is partly the fault of the elastic judgments of individual journalists, but behind that collapse of judgment there lie the values of a management that has abandoned the effort to "see life steady and see it whole" in its eager watchfulness for the trends and the fads that will make a newspaper as flavorless but as profitable as a Big Mac.

South of the Border: IV

'Recompression' in Brazil

by Tad Szulc

Elliott Erwitt © Magnum Photos, Inc.

São Paulo

In the old days the popular saying in Brazil was, "God is Brazilian," an expression of the firm conviction that He would look after this vast nation no matter what foolishness its inhabitants and governments might perpetrate. Nowadays the adage has been expanded to "God is Brazilian—and He's on *duty*." Such active divine involvement may be essential as this breathlessly dynamic country of 115 million people reaches a political, economic and social crossroads.

The Brazilian "economic miracle" seems to have run its course. Having created impressive industrial growth over the last decade, it also has produced much new human poverty because of a stunning maldistribution of national wealth. Inflation today runs at an annual rate of 55 percent. (It is small consolation to Brazilians that the cost of living in neighboring Argentina rose 215 percent in a year.) Ambitious development programs have been shelved. More huge foreign loans are needed despite this year's record coffee and soybean prices. Inevitably social unrest is growing, along with political opposition to Brazil's dictatorial military regime.

God may have come to Brazil's rescue in 1977 with the high world demand for its farm exports, but He did not do much for the daily lives of the people. An American banker in São Paulo summed it up: "The year will not go as the planners had hoped; the balance of payments will be better and inflation will be worse—housing and food are the killers—and again nobody gets to relax under any circumstances."

The most unrelaxed people in Brazil these days are the country's military rulers. President Ernesto Geisel, an army general, suspended the Congress on April 1 for two weeks in order to smash the Brazilian Democratic Movement (MDB), the only legal opposition political party, whose growing influence had begun to threaten the government's power monopoly.

The generals had tolerated the MDB as window-dressing for the repressive military regime, with no thought that it ever would embark on meaningful opposition. But when Geisel, selected by his fellow generals, assumed presidential office in March 1974, he shocked them with the notion that democracy should be allowed to return gradually in Brazil. Judging that a decade of ruthless dictatorship was all that the nation could take, Geisel did away with institutionalized

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torture of imprisoned opponents and removed the worst features of press censorship. He also allowed the MDB to start acting like a real political party.

The results shook the military establishment. In the November 1974 congressional elections, the MDB won enough seats to deprive ARENA, the government party, of the two-thirds majority required to pass key legislation. In last November's municipal elections, the MDB captured the mayoralties of most of the important cities.

That was the beginning of the crisis that led last month to the liquidation of Geisel's effort to redemocratize Brazil step by step. The printed press, virtually free of censorship (unlike radio and television), had been enjoying its rediscovered freedom by discussing politics with an openness not seen in 13 years. The hardliners suddenly realized that with the rising anti-government troubles, the MDB stood an excellent chance of winning most of the important governorships in the elections scheduled for 1978. This was to be the first time since the 1964 military "Revolution" (this word is always capitalized in Brazil) that governors would be elected by direct suffrage.

When I arrived in Brazil early in March, I could sense the approaching confrontation. ARENA and the totalitarian generals were making clear their view that democracy was getting out of hand. There were rumors that Geisel might not be permitted to complete his five-year term (ending early in 1979) if he persisted in his policy of what Brazilians euphemistically called "decompression."

The regime's authority was further weakened in mid-March when Geisel, under tremendous pressure from Brazil's economic leadership, cancelled a proposed tax on gasoline that would have raised prices 25 percent to roughly $2 a gallon. São Paulo's powerful captains of industry, once the regime's principal civilian allies, made it plain that the new tax would force substantial layoffs of workers in the vital automotive industry and lead to social unrest. (Geisel chose to make his television announcement that the tax was off immediately after Brazil trounced Colombia, 6-0, in the regional playoffs for the world soccer cup, which was the best news Brazilians had all year.)

The crunch came at the end of March. The regime had presented the Congress with an ill-advised constitutional amendment that, in effect, deprived the judiciary of its independence. But with the MDB voting solidly against the proposal, the government fell short of the two-thirds majority and the amendment was defeated. This was too much democracy for the Brazilian generals. After consulting with the military commanders (some say after caving in to them), Geisel the next day suspended the Congress, explaining that the MDB "was standing in the way of the interests of the nation." During the forced recess, he signed a decree incorporating the judiciary amendment into the constitution and proclaimed a series of measures that defanged the opposition and brought Brazil back to square one in the redemocratization process. When the Congress reconvened in Brasilia, the faraway capital on the central plateau, the MDB had become as harmless as the most enraged general could have desired.

The two-thirds majority rule went out the window. Instead of direct election, as promised, the 21 governors will be chosen by state electoral colleges where ARENA holds control. One third of the Senate in the 1978 elections will be picked by the same colleges, assuring that ARENA will retain its majority. The election system for the Chamber of Deputies (where the regime was beaten on the constitutional amendment) has been altered, again to guarantee ARENA's predominance. Candidates will be refused access to radio and television. Brazil is in effect a one-party state.

It is interesting, however, that Geisel decided not to go all the way and restore the full-fledged dictatorship of the past. He did not abolish Congress altogether, as the military had done in 1968 after a similar clash with the opposition, and (at least as of this writing) censorship has not been reimposed. There has been no word of political arrests.

There are several possible reasons for this. Nine years ago, with the economy surging powerfully, the military could get away with anything; today the regime has lost much of its support, most importantly among the men who run the private sector of the economy. There is powerful opposition today aside from the MDB, including the Roman Catholic church; São Paulo's Archbishop Paulo Cardinal Arns is an outspoken opponent of the regime, speaking out about political freedom as well as social justice. The military may have concluded that a total crackdown might unleash more hostility than they could control.

The other reason for the regime's restraint may have been the Carter administration's human rights campaign. The regime cancelled some unimportant military agreements with the United States (maintaining the important ones) in protest against this American "interference" with Brazilian sovereignty, but it could not rally public opinion in support of its protest. This was in marked contrast with the nationwide support the Geisel government enjoys in its dispute with Washington over its agreement with West Germany to build a nuclear power complex in Brazil. The United States strongly opposes plans for a plutonium reprocessing plant which could enable Brazil to build a nuclear weapon (plutonium being the key ingredient in such a device). The government was able to harness Brazilian nationalism over the nuclear issue; the country, with its natural uranium deposits, insists on independence in nuclear fuel supply. But it failed to make this nationalism function in the human rights context. The Brazilians have learned the hard way in the last 13 years how important are human rights. A diplomat in Brasilia said, "Geisel would have looked

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foolish if he went for a total denial of human and political rights in Brazil after criticizing Carter for pushing for observance of human rights."

The church will be a tougher nut to crack than the MDB was. It is attracting more and more political support among the population, ranging from workers in São Paulo's great industrial belt—the prime victims of runaway inflation and wealth maldistribution—to industrialists who are increasingly impatient with the government's way of running Brazil.

The focus of the church's campaign for social justice is São Paulo's Pontifical Commission for Justice and Peace. I attended a meeting of the Commission—held, to my surprise, at the luxurious suburban home of a leading São Paulo banker. Before a discussion of human rights, we were shown two film documentaries portraying the rather ignoble fate of immigrants to São Paulo—the richest of all South American cities—from the impoverished Brazilian northeast and from the slums of Italy. The films, my host explained, were being widely shown in church social halls throughout the state of São Paulo.

The Commission has published two explosive books. One, published under Cardinal Arns's personal *imprimatur,* is "Sao Paulo, 1975—Growth and Poverty." Prepared by eight young economists, it is a study of how, in effect, the rich are getting richer and the poor are getting poorer as a result of the "Brazilian Miracle." The other book is "The Death Squad," the story of the operations of a police killer unit used by the regime in the early days of the dictatorship. Both books are bestsellers, and the government has chosen not to interfere with their sales. It also remained silent when a conference of bishops in Conceição de Araguaia in northern Brazil recently issued a ringing appeal for human rights and social justice.

The church is thus engaged in a frontal denunciation of tne vaunted "Brazilian Miracle" and of the military regime's claim that it had brought Brazil "Development with Security"—a term for its policy of attracting private foreign capital while assuring political peace through repression. Last September rightwing zealots, to Geisel's vast annoyance, kidnapped a bishop in the state of Rio de Janeiro, leaving him stark naked in the street a few hours later. But the regime itself is not prepared to take on the church.

It is also hard for the generals to fight the São Paulo industrial managers. The dispute over the gasoline tax was only the latest in a series of clashes between the military regime and Brazilian industry. The principal disagreement is over what the industrialists claim to be their loss of influence in economic decision making. A leading São Paulo industrialist recently delivered a speech suggesting that the time had come for Brazil's return to "the rule of law." It is one of the curious ways in which democracy is finding new converts in Brazil.

The Brazilian state now controls about 60 percent of the national economy through a variety of official enterprises. The biggest of them is Petrobras, the national oil monopoly. With annual sales of eight billion dollars in imported and domestic petroleum and petrochemical derivatives (the equivalent of nearly one-third of the national budget) and with profits of one billion dollars last year, Petrobras is a huge business bureaucracy, not responsible to anyone except Brazil's president. (In fact, Geisel was head of Petrobras before rising to the presidential palace.) This giant holding company has the same effect on the rest of the Brazilian economy as the Amazonas jungle canopy has on plants trying to survive in its shadow. In addition there are other state enterprises running everything from the national power supply (Electrobras) to much of the steel industry. This is state capitalism at its extreme in a country that professes its allegiance to free enterprise.

Almost everybody seems to be tired of the way the economy is run in Brazil. Inflation went up from 20 to 50 percent in three years. Annual interest payments on installment purchases run around 70 percent. Brazil's external debt now stands at $27 billion, the highest in the world. This does not seem to bother either the government, which is prepared to see it go up to $40 billion by 1980, or the American bankers who hold $12 billion of the debt. One half of Brazil's estimated $12 billion in export earnings in 1977 will go for debt service. But the government professes to be encouraged by that. Because of high coffee and soybean prices, the trade deficit in the first quarter of this year was only $170 million as compared with $950 million in the opening three months of 1976. Some younger economists think that Brazil is mortgaging itself beyond reason with its colossal borrowing, and ignoring the likelihood that export revenues will drop in a year or two. Given Brazil's enormous oil import bill and the huge debt service, they fear that a decline in foreign revenue may plunge the country into a dramatic balance-of-payments crisis. Even American bankers recognize that high prices for farm exports are aggravating internal inflation. Domestic retail coffee prices, for example, soared this month when the government withdrew the internal price subsidy—and coffee is the Brazilians' staff of life.

Regardless of who is running it, Brazil will go on growing spectacularly as a nation. Even this year, the GNP is expected to grow by nine percent. Its dynamism cannot be arrested. And there is another old Brazilian saying, that nature makes up during the night what men have ruined in daytime. What Brazilians have to decide is *how* they wish their country to grow: lopsidedly and without political checks and balances as the military have been doing since 1964, or more systematically in the context of a democracy and with concern for social justice and an equitable distribution of wealth. Given Brazil's resources and the size of its population, it is fated to become a world power. But in the meantime, it is well that God "is on duty" here.

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Anna Christie

Why won't Liv Ullmann go home? What a strain it is for those like myself who love her to hear her struggling through English. I almost said "see her struggling" because it's quite clear that her unease with language affects her physically. Anyone who has watched *Scenes from a Marriage* on PBS (the subtitled series) must have noted the difference between her English introductions, strangulated, even simpering (and themselves subtitled!), and the controlled, beautifully true acting in Swedish. If she wants to continue a career that began splendidly, she has to resist the con men who want to put her in their pockets. She played Nora unforgettably at the Beaumont (*TNR*, March 29, '75), but she had often done *A Doll's House* in Norwegian. If she has done *Anna Christie* before, it doesn't show.

Of course a trouble with her departure, for us, would be that if she confines herself to the Norwegian theater, we won't see her. And a trouble for her with Swedish films now would be that Bergman isn't there. She recently made a film in Germany with him in English, and I have my fingers crossed for both of them. One solution would be Bergman's return to Sweden. But anyway, until she proves otherwise, I wish she would get out of the English language.

I don't think there's anything else to say about her performance of Anna.

The production is drearily (not grimly) designed by Ben Edwards, whose lighting fadeouts at the end of acts always leave a last stellar glow on Ullmann. José Quintero, renowned for his direction of O'Neill, doesn't increase that renown here. One instance of his clumsiness: at the end of Act Two he has old Chris, Anna's father, sit on the forestage just a few seconds before the curtain descends. Chris has to get up and scamper out of the way as the lights dim.

Chris is played by Robert Donley, who gives the best performance: grizzle and gruffness and a pitiable weakness in himself that he keeps on blaming on "dat ole davil sea." Mary McCarty's acting as Marthy, the old scow, is factitious. John Lithgow, the Mat Burke, who is supposed to be all solid bull muscle, a stoker, is lightweight and fluttery. Rescued from the sea in Act Two, he enters in overalls and torn undershirt looking like an overgrown Tom Sawyer plucked from a raft. The least that Jane Greenwood, the costume designer, could have done was to put him in a clinging jersey that would have made him seem substantial. But that wouldn't have helped his high-pitched voice; and couldn't Quintero have done something about Lithgow's flaccid hands?

Still, in one view, I was glad to see the play, which I've seen before only in two film versions: silent with Blanche Sweet (1923), and Garbo's first talkie (1930). Its dramaturgy, full of clumsy manipulations, directly contradicts its tonality: the construction is that of the James O'Neill period, here used for the New Realism. But there are some illuminations in it, particularly about O'Neill's subsequent work.

Primarily *Anna Christie* is an example of early 20th-century American naïveté about realism. The great European dramatists of the 19th century had, in general, borne down veristically on the bourgeois life around them. For O'Neill, one of the first American dramatists to respond to that veristic impulse, truth in art was pretty much limited to squalor—just as he had felt that in order to see life he had to become a sailor, booze it up, and brothelize. He had treated middleclass life in such plays as *The First Man*, but, in his early days, his best strength was with sailors and stokers and hardscrabble farmers, probably because he believed that their lives were "realer." *Anna Christie*, for all its attempt to appear at home in seaminess, is really a bit wide-eyed and adolescent in its awe of the underside. (Compare early Hauptmann and Heijermans.)

Thematically *Anna Christie* forecasts some aspects of O'Neill's belated maturity. Like *A Touch of the Poet* and *Long Day's Journey into Night* and the lesser *Moon for the Misbegotten*, it is fundamentally about immigrants in America and the psycho-cultural shock of transplantation. And as in *Journey* and *Moon* and *The Iceman Cometh*, the view of women's morality is black-and-white: there are Good Women and Bad Women, easily distinguished. As in the last plays about his family, the hero is Irish Catholic, living by a double standard. Anna says to Mat, who has bragged of his prowess with whores: "You been doing the same thing all your life, picking up a new girl in every port. How're you any better than I was?" His reply: "Is it no shame you have at all?"

That leads to the ending of the play. When it was first produced in 1921, O'Neill was hit by some critics for what they considered an arbitrary happy ending. Mat should not have returned when he found out about Anna's past, they implied, Anna should have slipped back into a brothel. O'Neill said it would have been "obvious and easy" to make the ending tragic, and, though this may have sounded like fancy footwork at the time, I think he was right. First, there would have been no drama, only an unwinding, if the play had consisted simply of revelation to one character of something we've known from the start, with consequent collapse. More important is the fact that the ending states one of O'Neill's favorite themes: redemption. In this case, it's woman's redemption by man. Mat forgives Anna only after she swears on a cross that she really loves him and that she has changed because of her love for him. This conclusion—the roustabout whoring sailor forgiving the whore because she really loves him—has an irony far removed from a conventional happy

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ending. O'Neill had a clear sense of this irony (and, in this play anyway) a limited faith in redemption. He wrote to George Jean Nathan: "The happy ending is merely the comma at the end of a gaudy introductory clause, with the body of the sentence still unwritten. (In fact, I once thought of calling the play *Comma*.)" When you consider what their future is going to be like—Mat off at sea most of the time, Anna alone—the play's seeming final period looks very much like a comma. That irony is the most interesting aspect left in *Anna Christie*.

Book Note. A very long life in an artist always has a touch of the fantastic because it runs through so many periods. Ben Iden Payne's life—he died in 1976 aged 94—has that quality plus others of consequence. In the early 1930s when I was a drama student he was known as one of the English pioneers in this century's revised, antiupholstery movement in Shakespearean production whose brightest lights were Granville Barker and William Poel, both of whom had figured in Payne's life. In the mid-1930s, when I met him briefly, Payne seemed a historical figure to me. *Then* he went back to England to serve eight years as head of the Shakespeare Memorial Theater at Stratford. *Then* (which is when I lost sight of him) he came back to America; from 1946 to 1969 he taught and directed Shakespeare at the University of Texas. I was shocked a few years ago when some graduate students told me that they had studied with him there. It wasn't just the old syndrome of "I thought he was dead": it was almost as if they had studied with David Garrick who had suddenly turned up alive and well in Austin.

Past 90, Payne wrote an autobiography, *A Life in a Wooden O*, posthumously edited and just published by Yale University Press ($12.50). Innocuously written, it proceeds in fits and starts—some periods treated expansively, some compressed, the private life completely missing. Some passages have historical value: firsthand glimpses of Victorian-Edwardian theater, his presence at the riotous first night of *The Playboy of the Western World* in Dublin with Synge (Payne had been hired by Yeats to do some directing at the Abbey Theater); his direction of the first US productions of Barrie's *Dear Brutus* with Helen Hayes and of Galsworthy's *Justice* with John Barrymore. But more important is his delineation of theater values. He was director of the first 20th-century repertory theater in the English language, the Gaiety in Manchester. He was associated with the first university theater department in the world at Carnegie Tech. And he gave up a successful career in the commercial theater because he was more concerned to work in a congenial atmosphere where he could develop his theories of "modified Elizabethan staging" of Shakespeare. Dozens of his students have testified to his benefits; thousands who never knew him have profited indirectly from his life.

Gershwin, Part III

An American In Paris

As I said last week, the doubts as to whether Gershwin had orchestrated the *Concerto in F* himself—doubts that began to be voiced soon after the work's premiere in December 1925—are, on the face of it, extremely ill-founded. Not only is the orchestration without any particular distinction, but it seems more than likely that a musician as gifted as Gershwin, driven by intense ambition, could quickly learn what every bright graduate student learns without special expenditure of effort. Yet these same doubts were heard concerning *An American in Paris* soon after its premiere in December 1928, which, like that of the *Concerto*, was conducted by Walter Damrosch. They came to a head a few years later when Allan Lincoln Langley, a violist and composer, published an article called "The Gershwin Myth" in the December 1932 issue of *The American Spectator*. Langley had played in a performance of *An American in Paris* conducted by Gershwin, and at rehearsals he had noted what he took to be Gershwin's excessive dependence on his friend, the conductor Bill Daly. "The genial Daly," wrote Langley, "was constantly in rehearsal attendance, both

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as *répétiteur* and adviser, and any member of the orchestra could testify that he knew more about the score than Gershwin. The point is that no previous claimant to honors in symphonic composition ever presented so much argument and so much controversy as to whether his work was his own or not." A few weeks later Daly replied (not so genially) in the *Times* that his only contribution to the work had been "a few suggestions about reinforcing the scoring here and there." More generally Daly declared: "I have never written one note of any of his compositions, or so much as orchestrated one whole bar of any of his symphonic works."

The persistence of such doubts is the more amazing because of the great difference between the two scores. One's first impression on looking at the score of *An American in Paris* is that here, in contrast to the *Concerto*, we have a work that was orchestrally conceived from the beginning. No longer do the various themes, countermelodies, and background figures look as though they had been thought up at the piano and then merely parcelled out to various orchestral groups. There is simply too much going on too much of the time, and the use of the orchestra, both of groups and of solo instruments, is far freer, subtler, and more idiomatic than in the *Concerto*. Interestingly enough, there is far more difference between Gershwin's initial sketch of the work, now in the Library of Congress, and his manuscript score than there is between the sketch and score of the *Concerto*. Many more of the complexities that were to emerge in the finished work are missing from the sketch in the case of *An American in Paris*, and there are even fewer suggestions for orchestration than in the sketch of the *Concerto*. The sketch of *An American in Paris* really is just a sketch, a memory aid for a composer who had already heard his work orchestrally and thought it through in orchestral terms. The manuscript score of *An American in Paris*, unlike that of the *Concerto*, bears no evidence of anyone else's corrections and, except for four cuts, it corresponds almost exactly to the original version of the published score. If Daly or Damrosch or someone else had given Gershwin extensive help on both scores, there would surely not be so much difference between them; that difference seems only (and very naturally) explainable by the fact that Gershwin had had three years to study and practice his craft. The proud (and perhaps defiant) claim on the title-page of his manuscript score thus seems fully justified:

"An American in Paris."
a Tone Poem
for
Orchestra.
Composed and Orchestrated
by,
George Gershwin.

It is perhaps worth adding that while the original published score was almost exactly the same as Gershwin's manuscript score, the score one buys and hears today is quite different. It was edited, like the score of the *Concerto*, by Frank Campbell-Watson; at what date it supplanted the original score, a copy of which I bought around 1945, I have not been able to discover since Warner Brothers Music, present possessors of the Gershwin copyrights, does not keep records of such things. Since the orchestration of *An American in Paris* is far more accomplished than that of the *Concerto*, one is astonished to discover that Campbell-Watson has edited the later work far more heavily than the earlier. Balances have been altered, "coloristic" touches (like the xylophone note on the very first beat of the piece) have been added, a few details that were in the manuscript but omitted from the original published score have been restored. But the vast majority of the editorial changes seem mere purposeless fussing. At one point there is an odd and characteristic Gershwin effect that has been lost by Campbell-Watson's rescoring and that one would very much like to hear; near the end three soprano saxes, playing in close harmony and (à la Mahler) with "bells in air" so as to cut through the orchestral mass, belt out the boisterous Charleston theme. There seems to be no good reason why the original score should not be restored so that we can hear the piece as Gershwin wrote it.

The handling of the musical material in *An American in Paris* surpasses that in the *Concerto* as much as does the orchestration. Themes and figures are not mere set pieces, but are made to develop and grow with a musical skill Gershwin did not have when he wrote the *Concerto*. Until close to the end, the work is coherently and very satisfyingly formed. The detailed entertaining program that Deems Taylor constructed for the premier, though just a fanciful elaboration of some notes in Gershwin's sketches, has proved a distraction. By inventing a sequence of experiences for the strolling protagonist, Taylor invites the listener to try and figure out just what is happening when, rather than leaving him free to experience the work's rather simple overall structure. After the jaunty beginning (which Taylor tags as the first "walking-theme"), we get repeated intimations of sadness (or at least nostalgia), repeatedly dispelled by snatches of folk songs or other bursts of orchestral high spirits until, at last, the blues theme materializes in the muted trumpet. After a masterful, brief development, the blues theme rises to *fortissimo* heights, then drops away as a charming solo violin lament leads to the Charleston theme in the trumpets. After the Charleston theme has undergone a similarly accomplished development, the blues theme returns, but with a rhythmic complexity in the accompaniment that has obviously been derived from the Charleston theme. The effect is a very satisfying synthesis, and finally the music dies away into successive brief solo passages for violin, tuba, and bass clarinet. We can sense that the piece is ready to end. But just at this point Gershwin reintroduces the walking theme heard at the beginning, and we lurch off in a new direction, never to regain the sense of orderly development so admirably maintained until now. The four cuts in the manuscript score that I mentioned earlier total 108 bars—which is a great deal when you consider that the work as we have it now is less than 700 bars long. What I find extremely interesting is that all four cuts come near the end of the piece: the first one 20 bars before the point at which the sense of direction is lost, the second precisely at that point, and the other two shortly after it. Plainly, Gershwin knew something was going wrong. Yet, like an afterdinner speaker who senses he is losing his audience but thinks everything will be alright if he can just keep talking, Gershwin became garrulous. The four cuts, whether Gershwin's own idea or someone else's, improved the work immensely; one only wishes that there had been time and will to prune the ending.

With all its defects, *An American in Paris* marked a great step forward for Gershwin: it is, in all ways, by far the finest of his orchestral works. Fortunately there is no dearth of good recordings. The original 1929 recording by Nathaniel Shilkret and the RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra was the only complete version of a Gershwin work issued during his lifetime and was

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prepared under his supervision. But he interfered with Shilkret's rehearsing of the orchestra and was politely asked to leave the studio, only to be invited back to play the celesta part when Shilkret recalled that he had forgotten to hire a celesta player. This recording has recently been reissued on Victrola AVM1-1740, along with the Whiteman 1924 *Rhapsody in Blue*, some piano solo versions of show tunes Gershwin recorded in 1926, and his 1928 recording of *Three Preludes*. The orchestra sounds a bit thin and under-rehearsed, but the tempos are lively and the performance stands up very well. It is interesting that Shilkret, presumably acting with Gershwin's approval, brings out the humor of the piece far more than conductors usually do today. The solo violin in what has come to be known as the "flirtation" episode is delightfully coquettish, the muted trumpet intones the blues theme with a tremulously authentic "period" vibrato, the trombone comment following the statement of the blues theme is so clownishly self-pitying that it brings to mind Emmett Kelly's woebegone face, and the four taxi horns (the ones that Gershwin brought back from Paris) are lower in pitch and more raucous than the ones usually heard in modern performances.

Even finer is Toscanini's 1945 performance with the NBC Symphony, also recently reissued, on Victrola AVM1-1737 along with Grofé's worthless *Grand Canyon Suite*. Toscanini's opening tempo has sometimes been criticized, by B.H. Haggin for example, as too fast for the "walking theme." But the walker is, after all, a would-be *boulevardier* rather than an aimless wanderer, and the tempo has always seemed to me perfectly right. I was therefore amused to find, on listening for the first time to the Shilkret recording, that his and Toscanini's tempos are exactly the same. Toscanini does not play the piece for laughs to the degree that Shilkret does, but there is plenty of wit in his performance. Moreover, Toscanini has a great orchestra behind him, and he gives the work a rhythmic vitality and a continuity that Shilkret cannot match and that have, to my knowledge, remained unmatched ever since. Listen to the blues theme at its first appearance: the hilarious bumps-and-grinds background, the beautifully inflected trumpet solo, the gently moaning saxophones, the fastidiously Gallic commentary from the flutes—everything adds up to yield as perfect an image of the music as one could want. And the Charleston theme, played with fine deadpan stiffness, is sheer delight. A fluff in the tuba solo and a premature entrance by the bells suggest that Toscanini did not exercise his customary care in approving this recording for release, yet he obviously cared for the work since he broadcast it twice, met with Campbell-Watson for six hours of discussion about it (presumably before the first broadcast performance in 1943), and took the trouble to strengthen the scoring by adding a muted trumpet to a passage for second oboe and English horn that always gets drowned out in performance.

Of the recent recordings, Tilson Thomas's with the New York Philharmonic, on Columbia XM 34205, is better than one would expect from his performance of *Rhapsody in Blue* on the other side. The opening tempo is a bit leisurely after Toscanini, and Thomas cannot match Toscanini's absolute rhythmic certainty and his uncanny ability to make the piece grow and develop, but it is a fine performance nonetheless and beautifully recorded. Conversely, Edo de Waart's performance with the Monte Carlo Opera Orchestra, on Philips 6500 290, is less good than one would expect from his performances, also on Philips,

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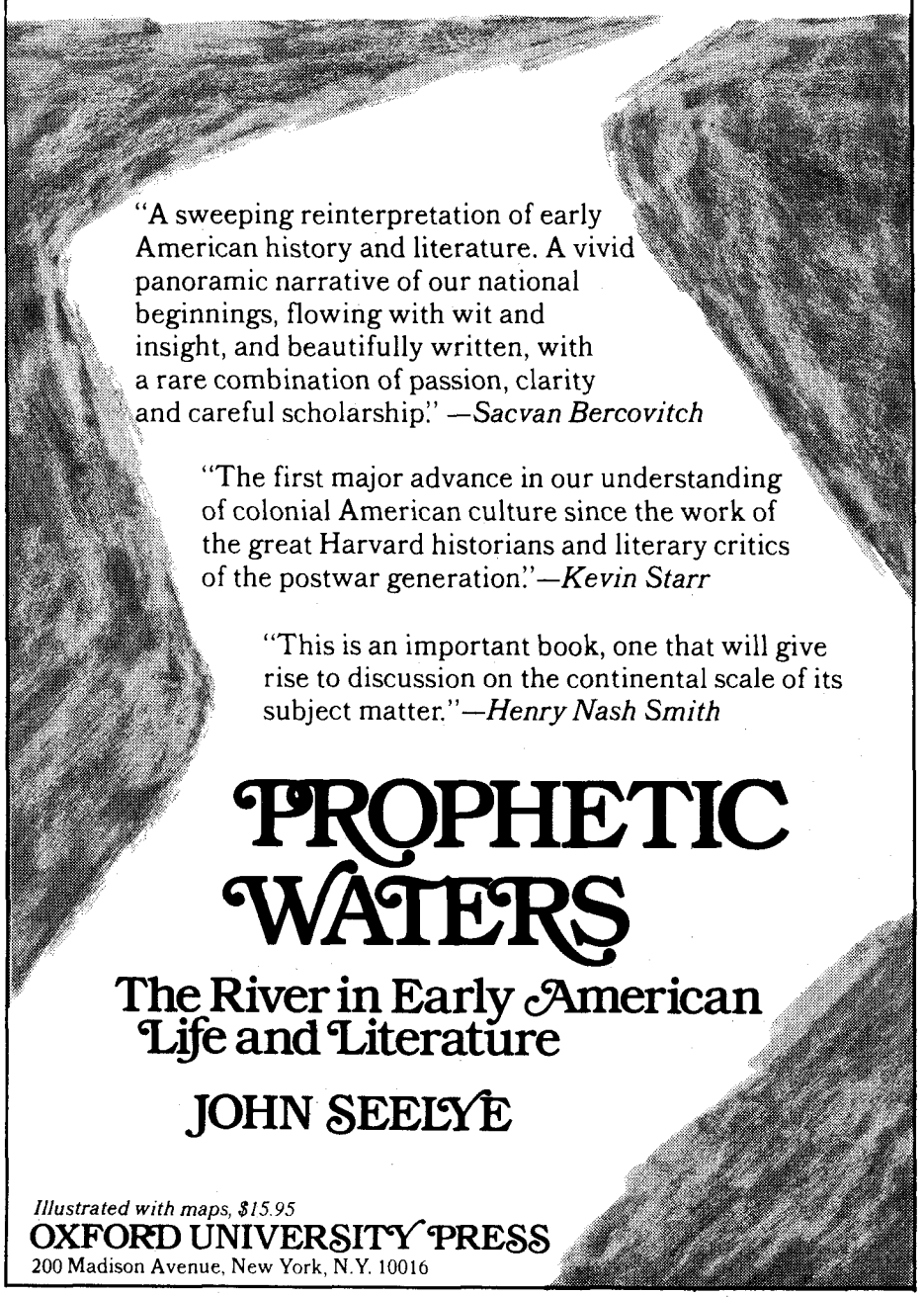

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of the *Rhapsody* and the *Concerto*. De Waart treats *An American in Paris* far less straightforwardly than he does the other two works, and the whole performance is soft-edged, with a good deal of uncalled for rubato that frequently stops the work's forward movement. The best recent recording I have encountered is by Leonard Slatkin and the St. Louis Symphony, is the three-record Vox set QSVBX 5132, which contains all of Gershwin's orchestral works (including the rarely heard *Catfish Row* suite he hastily compiled from *Porgy and Bess* and is great bargain. Slatkin alone captures something of Toscanini's liveliness and rhythmic urgency. Moreover, unlike Thomas and de Waart and most young conductors, Slatkin understands that the eighth-notes of the Charleston theme must be played absolutely evenly, even somewhat rigidly, in a '20s-ish fashion rather than as passages of consecutive eighth-notes were played in big-band arrangements of the '30s and '40s, with the first note of each pair held somewhat longer than the second to give the music a kind of loping swing.

An American in Paris marks the culmination of Gershwin's career as an orchestral composer. The works that follow it—*Second Rhapsody* (1932), *Cuban Overture* (1932), and the *"I Got Rhythm" Variations* (1933-34)—are tiresome potboilers. Why should he have taken three giant steps backwards just when he seemed really to be finding himself? Probably because by 1932 he already had set his sights higher. He had read DuBose Heyward's *Porgy* in 1926 with great excitement, and had met Heyward and his wife Dorothy shortly thereafter, just before the Theatre Guild accepted their joint dramatization of *Porgy*. Therefore Gershwin's most ambitious project of all, the "folk-opera" he dreamed of founding on *Porgy*, had been brewing in his mind for a long time when he wrote to Heyward, in March 1932: "in thinking of ideas for new compositions, I came back to one that I had several years ago—namely, *PORGY*—and the thought of setting it to music." Negotiations were delayed by Al Jolson's prior claims to turn *Porgy* into a musical, and *Porgy and Bess* was not to be completed until late in 1935. But it seems clear (and understandable) that after *An American in Paris* Gershwin's deepest creative energies were directed to his last and finest work.

William Youngren

William Youngren teaches English at Boston College and writes on music for *The Hudson Review*. This is the third of a four-part series on the major works of George Gershwin.

Jan Patoĉka

From the Curriculum Vitae of a Czech Philosopher

The spiritual life of any nation is properly a struggle against moral breakdown, according to Jan Patoĉka's message courageously published in the black year 1939, and "the irreplaceable sources of spiritual wealth are great personalities. But these cannot be made to order—they are a gift of grace. The means of spiritual battle which we have at our disposal are intellectual and moral. We must strive for a greater preciseness and suppleness in our thinking and we must acquire a stronger inner discipline."

There have been three Czech philosophers of world significance and exceptional moral power and purity: Jan Amos Komenský (1592-1670), Thomas Garrigue Masaryk (1850-1937), Jan Patoĉka (1907-1977).

Patoĉka was one of the last students of Edmund Husserl, who considered the young Czech one of his most penetrating disciples. He keenly felt his master's expulsion from Freiburg University by the Nazi rulers of Germany and actively contributed to the realization of Husserl's guest lectures in Prague, but suffered a defeat in his hopes that the teacher would remain and continue to work in Czechoslovakia. In his speech of 1938 in Husserl's memory, Patoĉka praised the magnificent devotion of the late philosopher to the human right to truth and self-determination. This movement, in the mourner's words, "seems often to be stopped by inner troubles and clouds as well as by cruel times, but cannot be subdued, for otherwise humanity would have to renounce its essence."

Patoĉka's Charles University activities, inaugurated by his book of 1936, *The Natural World as a Philosophical Problem*, were cut short by the 1939 invasion of Czechoslovakia, resumed briefly after the war, but forcibly stopped again in 1948, renewed for short stretches of time, and broken off for good by a prematurely imposed retirement. While the tutorial activities of the inspired teacher shrank to a clandestine, strictly private seminar in phenomenology, he continued despite all impediments to develop his manifold research and writing in his tiny basement flat. His scant publishing possibilities were later reduced to zero. After the appearance of his translation of Hegel's *Aesthetics* in 1967, even Patoĉka's subsequent translation of Hegel's *Phenomenology* was banned. The only one of his original writings to appear after the war was his superb monograph *Aristotle, His Forerunners and Successors*, published by the Czechoslovak Academy of Sciences in 1964. The main topic of this book is the continuity of movement, both physical and spiritual, as the cardinal idea of the tradition leading from Aristotle to Hegel. As Patoĉka himself states, his book is not a history of definitive solutions, but of open questions which lead to further problems and aim to incite philosophers to new reflections. The insight into the crux of continuous movement is most revealing for the development of Patoĉka's thought, with its own unflinching continuity of movement and constant growth.

With differences in historical detail, fate was cruel to the literary legacy of all three Czech philosophers named above. Komenský, a life-long exile and wanderer, was for a long time a prohibited author in his homeland. His books were in part printed elsewhere but largely remained in manuscripts, some of which have been discovered only in our time, including, in 1934, the most important and comprehensive *De rerum humanarum emendatione consultatio catholica*—"the universal consultation on the reform of the affairs which render man human," as Patoĉka interpreted the title of this *opus grande*. In the final sentence of the book on Aristotle, Patoĉka characterized the newly found work of Komenský as "the widest and most daring synthesis ever ventured by

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a Czech thinker."

Although after World War I Masaryk, endowed, as Patočka said, "with his whole moral strength," returned from emigration as the President Liberator of Czechoslovakia, soon after World War II not only was the reedition of his works prohibited, but also their early editions were removed from libraries and destroyed and a ban was imposed on the author's ideas.

Since the tragic events of the late '60s, none of Patočka's writings has been allowed to appear in Czechoslovakia. His new contribution to the philosophy of history circulated only in typescript. Some of his studies were published outside his country—"The Sense of the Myth of the Bargain with the Devil (The Three Phases of the Faust Legend)" in Germany, the French version of his old book on the natural world in The Hague (1976), and articles in Italy, Belgium, and Poland. His last published study was a contribution to the Dutch *Tijdschrift voor Filosofie*, 1976, in which he touched upon the idea of continuous mobility in language and upon the connection between the development of scientific structuralism and phenomenological foundations; here the Czech philosopher further developed problems hinted at in his earliest writings.

Visits to foreign universities, at first permitted to Patočka, were stopped in the mid-'70s. When an honorary degree was conferred upon him by the University in Aix-la-Chapelle, it was only after long diplomatic negotiations that the ceremony took place in the Prague residence of the West German Ambassador. The project of a *Festschrift* for Patočka's 60th birthday was suppressed in Prague and has only now been realized in The Hague as the 72nd volume of *Phenomenologica* under the title *The World of Life—The World of Humans.*

At the end of the '60s, Patočka called on the Czechoslovak Academy to defend the principle that scientists should be promoted on the basis of merit rather than political loyalty. The Prague journal *Tvorba* (*Creation*), nicknamed by the Party jesters "tvorba z ničeho (creation out of nothingness)," carried a lampoon against Patočka entitled "Dirty Intentions under the Smokescreen of Pure Philosophy." When in January of the current year Patočka became the spokesman for the Charter 77 Human and Civil Rights Group, the Czech press increased their attacks ten-fold and, as he stated in writing, "unleashed a ferocious smear campaign with no regard for the truth." He remained unshaken, stoic, fearless, remembering Komenský's famous answer to the defamatory persecutions against him: "I have not been without consolation—first because of the testimony of my conscience; and nothing of that which you in your malevolence charge me with is true about me."

After repeated administrative harassments and interrogations, Patočka in a long message to both Czech and international readers staunchly reaffirmed his creed that "something fundamentally non-technical and non-instrumental must exist, there must be a self-evident, non-circumstantial ethic and unconditional morality . . . A moral system does not exist in order to help society function but simply so that man can be human. It is not man who defines a moral order according to the arbitrary nature of his needs, wishes, tendencies, and desires, but on the contrary, it is morality which defines man." The message finishes with a declaration that "pacts on human and social rights have become possible as a new stage in historical development; it constitutes an upheaval in the conscience of man. Motivations for action will no longer be found exclusively or predominantly in the domain of fear or material advantage but in the respect for what is superior in

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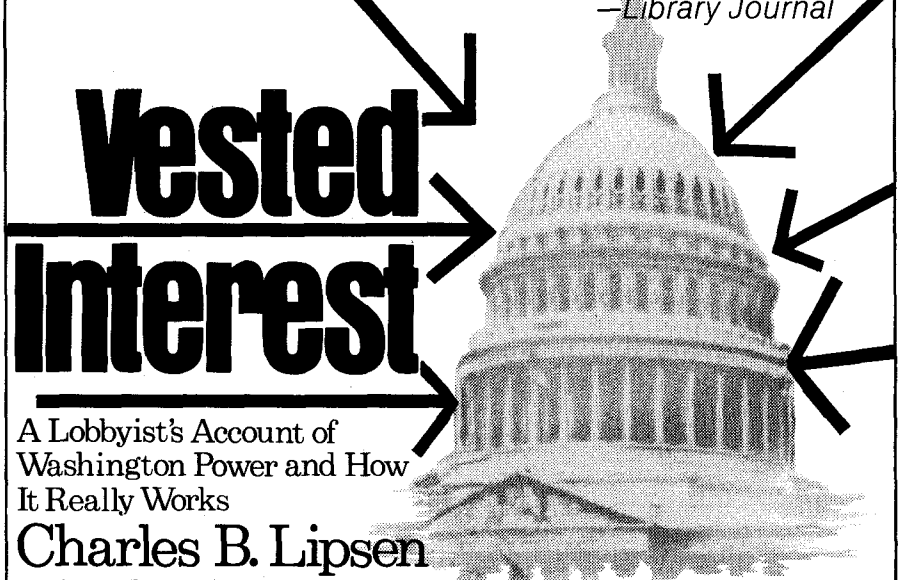

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man, in the apprehension of duty, of the common good, and in understanding that for this goal one must be prepared to incur certain inconveniences, the danger of being misjudged and perhaps even physically tormented."

Patôcka's indefatigable work on a new, broadly conceived phenomenological treatise was paralyzed. After undergoing 11 hours of harsh police interrogation in two days, he suffered heart trouble on March 3, was admitted to Strahov Hospital on March 4, and after being visited several times for further questioning wrote in his statement of March 8: "Let us be frank about this; in the past no conformity has yet led to any improvement in the situation, only a worsening . . . What is needed is for people to behave at all times with dignity, not to allow themselves to be frightened and intimidated. What is needed is to speak the truth. It is possible that repression may be intensified in individual cases. People are again aware that there are things for which it is worthwhile to suffer, that without these things art, literature, culture, and so on are mere crafts engaged in to earn one's daily bread."

After experiencing a cerebral hemorrhage, Patôcka died on March 13. At his funeral of March 17 a thousand mourners were surrounded by a hundred plainclothes agents and filmed by police cameramen. A number of Patôcka's friends were taken into custody either on the eve of the burial or at the cemetary itself. The memorial mass announced for the next day by Patôcka's family was prohibited.

It was only on the day of the funeral that the main Party organ *Rudé Pravo* mentioned the end of the philosopher for the first time, with the sole purpose of warning the Western press to refrain from the use of "such a tragic event as Patôcka's death for political inferences." On March 19 the Paris *Le Monde* appeared with a commemorative article by the prominent scholar Paul Ricoeur, Vice President of the International Institute of Philosophy, for the deceased Patôcka, who since 1938 had been the Czech representative of that Institute: "It is because Jan Patôcka knew no fear that he has literally been put to death by the authorities."

Roman Jakobson

Roman Jakobson is Institute Professor at MIT and professor of linguistics at Harvard.

Books Considered

The Marble Foot: An Autobiography by Peter Quennell

(Viking; $10)

The English, the English, how can we not like them when they write so well? Peter Quennell has given us a wonderfully etched picture of the first 33 years of his life—behind the calm of the Englishman, as is generally true, a life full of drama and pain, carefully understated. The strengths and weaknesses of the literary national character are here all well preserved, and the book is a delight. The treasonous thought does occur—isn't it perhaps a little trivial?—but one is disarmed by the author's modesty and in any case the grand themes of autobiography reassert themselves: childhood and relations with one's parents, education, love, sex. Given a choice, isn't it better that such questions be dealt with ironically even with the risk of making them appear trivial, rather than in a pompous and self-important way?

Quennell begins with a wonderful evocation of middle-class life as it once was in the London suburbs—the grasp his grandparents had on their gentility was not too firm, but sufficient to partake of England's strengths in spite of themselves. He depicts his parents rather sadly; his father, Charles Quennell, an architect whose promising career evaporated with the coming of the First World War, and his mother, Marjorie, a promising minor painter whose imagination was more or less done down by her husband. He captures their eccentricity and interest, but almost doesn't give them enough credit for the valuable series of books they wrote together on *Everyday Things in England*, the sort of social history which now is of increasing interest. To their credit also, they managed to observe their son's rather erratic progress in life with less irritation than might have characterized other parents. And as is so frequently true in England, the connections and coincidences in that progress are rampant: modest though his parents were in background and financial achievement, they would be the Quennells who wrote a famous series of books, and they would move to Berkhamsted for the sake of a very good school for their son where the Headmaster was Charles Greene and a fellow pupil his son Graham. The neighborhood proved to be pleasantly literary with G. M. Trevelyan, Esmé Wingfield-Stratford, J. L. and Barbara Hammond all living conveniently about—providing models for the sort of distinguished writing Quennell himself would eventually do: studies of Byron, Pope, Ruskin, Shakespeare, among others (and probably the best essay on John Wilkes ever written), studies written with skill and charm, not works of great scholarship but admirably fulfilling a purpose.

Despite his modesty about himself, Quennell became a fairly well known poet while still in school, and did win a scholarship to Balliol College, Oxford. There, even though he had not been in the mainstream, not having gone to a major Public School, he became a habitué of the most famous set at Oxford in the 1920s: Harold Acton, Evelyn Waugh, Cyril Connolly. All the familiar names are there. He even spent time at the Sitwells' Renishaw and the Morrells' Garsington.

But with a difference. Unlike Graham Greene, he did not absent himself from the world but went to the parties, adored the easy credit available, drank heavily. Yet in a way he was removed from his more gilded contemporaries—his yearnings were more heterosexual than were most of theirs, inexperienced as he was in Public School romanticism. And in fact it was heterosexuality which undid him, leading to his seduction by an older femme fatale, Nina, with whom he gamboled at a hotel in the famous Edwardian location of such events, Maidenhead. The college discovered his activities, sent him down for a term: he sought refuge at Eddie Marsh's flat. At that point his comparatively understanding father and he

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decided that he should give up his Oxford career and degree.

It is his sexuality which provides the remaining drama of the book, and those relationships replace the drama of his relationship with his parents; by comparison the intensity of his feelings for his contemporaries seems weaker. He appears to have the same powerful drive as his father to make his women conform, while clearly neither S. nor Isabelle were suitable condidates for domestic arrangements. Both of his first two marriages were stories of growing estrangement, and mild surprise on his part that his wives' willingness to have affairs with him before marriage might suggest that they would have affairs with others after marriage; and surprise also that they might not appreciate his own brief flings.

He could keep going, thanks to a small allowance from his father, with reviewing, a professorship in Japan, and eventually with writing in an advertising agency, a job which he refused to sneer at. His sufferings were personal, and he did not become wrapped up in the political events of the 1930s. Even after his second divorce, he was still closely involved with his second wife. He went to France to care for her after a suicide attempt when the rich younger man she had planned to marry had thrown her over, and it is striking that he records the date—January 12, 1947—when she did succeed in killing herself.

It is a bittersweet life—precarious both financially and emotionally—but as Leonard Woolf remarked to him, "People of your kind *don't* starve." Quennell says of himself that he is a natural guest and there is a strange air, despite his sufferings, of non-involvement in his life. Cyril Connolly dedicated his novel, *The Rock Pool*, to Quennell, and appropriately, it was a book about antinomian young men who couldn't quite participate in life. Yet in his ironic and indirect way, Quennell sketches the rewards and bitterness of existence, particularly an English upper-class existence. In the copy of Connolly's masterpiece *The Unquiet Grave*, that he presented to Quennell, the author inscribed, in Latin of course, a quotation from Lucretius which Quennell fortunately gives in English in one of his slightly pedantic footnotes: "Out of the very well-spring of delight rises up something bitter, to pain us amid the very flowers." It could serve as a motto for Quennell's account of the first three decades of his life, the work of a writer who can bring humor, sadness, interest and great literary skill to his pages.

Peter Stansky

Peter Stansky is professor of British history at Stanford.

Joseph Smith: The First Mormon
by Donna Hill

(Doubleday, $12.50)

If you drive along the beltway around Washington you will see it, as I did recently, and it is best seen at night, illuminated from within and without, a solemn, monolithic shape with needle-like spires pointing brightly heavenward into the darkness, Puritanical in its silver and blue lines, a pure expression of millennial idealism, anomalous amid the busy sprawl of suburbs yet quintessentially American: the Mormon Temple. As a controversial subject the Mormons no longer rank high among tabloid writers, the issue of polygamy having died at the turn of the century, yet the Saints retain the uncanny knack of calling attention to themselves. Such a house of worship, dominating the skyline yet closed to unbelievers, is not calculated to promote a low profile, and the Mormon paradox had a quieter but still powerful manifestation in the news that Howard Hughes in his mad old age was kept protected from the world and reason by a phalanx of Mormons. Christian Scientists might serve Richard M. Nixon, but Hughes could only be surrounded by Mormons, the godlike avatar of money as power preserved in his delusions by the Latter Day Saints, the most powerful manifestation still among us of the Protestant Ethic. The Mormons remain a "peculiar" people, yet they are like their temple a mightily American people, indeed are the strongest institutional link we have with our Puritan past.

Bernard DeVoto long ago mused on the Americanness of Mormonism, with its successful mixture of messianic and worldly goals, a millenarianism hammered into hard utilitarian steel by a

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wilderness passage that took its meaning both from Exodus and the westering movement. Because of the importance of that migration from Illinois to Utah, it is Brigham Young who tends to dominate the popular consciousness as the incarnate symbol of Mormonism. A resourceful Vermont Yankee with a paramilitary genius, Brigham Young is a type appealing to most Americans, who if they disagree with a man's religion stand ready to applaud his secular achievements. But Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet and martyr, has not generally received justice from biographers, no more than he received justice from the hands of outraged frontiersmen. Even his fellow Mormons, as if to counteract the popular image, have made him over into a super Saint, the kind of hagiographic revisionism we have come to associate with political portraiture in the Communist world, and about as interesting to a nonbeliever. A complex, intriguing figure, whose personal attractiveness and intelligence were attested to during his lifetime even by those who regarded him as a charlatan, Joseph Smith deserves better than even the Mormons have given him. Perhaps the most readable biography available is Fawn Brodie's *No Man Knows My Name*, but Brodie, though sympathetic to the heroic, personable qualities of the man, wrote too much in the debunking vein to be absolutely convincing. Moreover, her book is now dated, not having benefitted from access to the wealth of documentary material which the Church of the Latter-Day Saints has recently unlocked to scholars.

Donna Hill has made extensive use of that material and her book is the most detailed study of Joseph Smith and the religion he founded yet to be published. She is herself a Mormon, and her brother is a prominent Mormon scholar, but Hill reflects the recent tendency of the Church to let the chips pretty much lie where they fell, an indication of institutional stability and a fading of the paranoia (most certainly warranted) that was for so long a Mormon way of life. Handling what is to her and her fellow Saints sacred matters, Hill deals with the questions most frequently raised in connection with "Joe" Smith's early activities, the matter of the golden plates, the angelic visitations, the subsequent revelations; and she tackles as well the still ticklish and bothersome matters of financial irregularities, polygamy, the mixture of politics and religion, and the painful problem of the exclusion of blacks from church membership. In each instance, her attitude is fairminded and her handling of the questions is tactful and balanced; though coming out generally on the side of Mormonism and Joseph Smith, she readily admits that prophets are only human, and are thereby subject to errors of the flesh, a truth which Smith himself voiced when he said: "A prophet is only a prophet when he is acting as such."

Yet it must also be said that fairmindedness and documentation are not enough. We actually get closer to Joe Smith the man in Fawn Brodie's book, for Brodie is a gifted writer and Hill is not, and though her narrative has plenty of information it lacks movement and passion, with the result that the Prophet never comes to life. Still, her book is of immense value as record—the bibliography runs to almost 20 pages—and in gathering the testimony of the people around Joseph Smith Hill does much toward what will someday surely be done, and that is to tell the story of the Mormons *en masse*, a unique chronicle of a nation within a nation, whose experience should prove as destructive of national complacency as was Vietnam, Watergate, or Alex Haley's *Roots*. That Joe Smith was a charismatic figure, whose personal qualities were responsible for the rise of Mormonism as an international movement, there can be no doubt. That Smith had personal failings which, as in a tragic hero, resulted directly in his death, is Hill's own stated thesis. But, as she also shows us, of equal importance is the fact that his success in raising a militant nation of the faithful was matched by his fated propensity for antagonizing Americans of other persuasions, and reciprocal to that fact is the bigotry and greed which repeatedly aroused mobs against him and his people until he was killed and they were driven beyond the frontier to a land so wasted that they (like the Indians with whom they identified their millennium) could rest undisturbed in its tenancy for several generations. If we as Americans recognize our best qualities in Brigham Young's saga, then we should also own to our complicity in the tragedy of Joe Smith that preceded it, indeed that made it necessary. Inseparable as the parts of the union, together they form a distinctive American whole, a national experience as typical as the Mosaic exodus or the long march of Chairman Mao.

It is a story intrinsic to the American past, being a belated flowering of the old Puritan hope of founding a City on a Hill, a plan that was repeatedly projected west until it sprang up on the shores of not the Atlantic (nor the Pacific) but on the banks of a very dead inland sea, the Great Salt Lake. It was a dream and a heroic action that required not only bravery and endurance and faith, but a quantity that we have long since run out of, namely space. There is no longer a Far West, whether the raw frontier town on the Mississippi River that was one of the earliest Mormon sites for their New Jerusalem, or the great vastness into which Brigham Young led his prayerful legions. Theirs is an epic spelled out by the names of places with which Joe Smith was associated, the Lebanons and Canaans and Palmyras that made an imitation Holy Land of New England and its western adjunct the Mohawk Valley, the Harmonies that promised utopia farther west along the line, towns like Independence and Liberty that celebrated (while withholding) the spirit of the Republic, or frontier communities called De Witt, Galatin, and Fulton, names associating millennial progress with technical advance, and ending with the hopeful village of Commerce that became Joe Smith's thriving Nauvoo (Hebrew, he said, for "beautiful") before marauding ruffians tore it down. The names still remain on the land, and other records remain also, containing the consolations, such as they are, of history.

That Mormonism continues to generate ironies intrinsic to the American experience has been demonstrated by the recent enthusiasm for uncovering family origins that was aroused by *Roots*, a fad which brought to public attention the great genealogical archive assembled by the Saints in underground vaults in a Utah mountain. Gathered in order to affect the posthumous baptism of ancestors born outside the Church, the records have proven of immense value to researchers into family history, and they are a massive demonstration of the centrality to Mormonism of the family itself—a fact which Hill convincingly relates to the practice of polygamy. Moreover, as

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testimony to the tenacity of the human spirit, which when moved to exercise a truth can even roll back the evidence of the past, erasing history with baptismal waters, those records bear powerful witness. Whatever fate awaits mankind, whether extinction by starvation or nuclear warfare, the records will survive, a saintly host of begats in a Genesis whose Exodus is the pride of the Mormons and a national shame.

Yet those blacks who make use of the records will not find much in the Mormon mountain they can use. Though baptised into the Church in its earliest days, as Hill reveals, blacks were expressly barred by Joseph Smith's successor, Brigham Young, exclusion which was as much related to the abolitionist controversy as to biblical sanctions against the tribe of Ham. The Mormons, as Young saw it, had enough troubles without taking sides in an impossible conflict. As epic, therefore, the story of the black people in America must remain only analagous to the Mormon experience, and whenever Moroni blows his horn, he will not blow it for them.

John Seelye

The Ottoman Centuries
by Lord Kinross

(Morrow; $18.95)

History, as taught in the West, largely ignores the Ottomans, whose empire surpassed in size those of Persia, Rome, Portugal and Araby, and in duration those of Alexander, Spain and Britain. They were the first Asian culture to have a lasting impact in Europe, imposing a sense of order and administration surpassing even the Arabs in Spain. Unlike Egypt, Greece and Rome, which were ruled by ornate superstitions, the Ottoman empire was governed by a body of religious law, the Shar'ia. It faced a Europe factionalized into quarrelsome Christian sects, led by monarchs whose own spirituality was thin. It was no accident that the fatal blow to that empire came from the rude and rangy plainsmen of the Russian steppe, first united under a butcher-Queen, Catherine the Great, who headed a monolithic faith, Orthodoxy. It was St. Petersburg which persuaded the Greeks—the vassal nation which had most welcomed the Ottomans as liberators from the Latin Church, and which had prospered the most under Ottoman rule—to begin the series of 19th century revolts which destroyed the empire.

Lord Kinross, the "definitive" biographer of Ataturk, finished this massive five-century fresco, which should be on every university's list of Great Books, just before he died last year. He takes us from Bursa, with its "imperishable architecture," where Osman founded the nation on the slopes of Mount Olympus in 1326, to Mustapha Kemal, who put the last Sultan, Mehmed VI, aboard the Orient Express in October 1923 and proclaimed the republic.

It was Osman's grandson Murad I who set the patterns of empire, creating a knighthood of *akhis*—a standing army two centuries before the first such force in Europe. He took Islam out of the

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stirrup and into mysticism, and organized artisanship into those craftsman guilds which are still the delight of every tourist wandering through Levantine bazaars.

Ibn Battuta, the great 14th century Tangerine traveler, noted already the courtesy and "solicitude for strangers" in Ottoman country—those virtues which we think of today as characteristically Arab and which were unheard of in medieval times. Turkey was to impose its style, its bureaucracy, even its cuisine, on an Islamic world stretching from Algeria to the Persian Gulf, both styling itself the protector of Mecca while challenging contradictions in the Shar'ia itself. In the 15th century, Mehmed the Conqueror defied the ban on portraiture, definitively establishing the plastic arts in his domains. He played host to the Venetian Gentile Bellini, who showed him his picture of Salome holding the head of John the Baptist by the locks. The monarch expertly commented that the depiction was inaccurate: after decapitation, he explained, the neck did not hang down; it contracted out of sight.

A turning point was the capture, in 1453, with the world's first military rockets, of Constantinople. The victor, Murad II, called it Istanbul, a bastardization of the Greek *is tin poli* (to the city). Murad freed the Greeks from Rome, and Moldavia from Vlad Dracul (Dracula). By the 16th century, Istanbul was like New York in 1900, a magnetic, meritocratic city in which only the sultan's title was hereditary, and in which half the 500,000 population were non-Turkish immigrants, each with its own quasi-self-governing *milliet* (nation). The Greeks were the largest community, followed by the Jews and the Armenians. The city's equivalent of the celibate, political priests at the courts of the West were the Sultan's eunuchs, mostly black, the elite of whom became his ministers. Since Islam forbids castration, even for rape, the trade in these were confided to the Jews.

Control of the strategic Bosphorus, the Gallipoli Straits and the Aegean made the Turks the first great naval nation. The 16th century warrior Sultan Selim doubled the empire in a decade, with his fearless, disciplined soldiery holding the marches from the Danube to the Nile, from the Adriatic to the Persian Gulf. The capture of Egypt brought the standard and cloak of the Prophet to Turkey, making Selim's Sheikh-ul-Islam the Islamic "pope."

But Kinross's most sonorous chapters are reserved for Suleiman the Magnificent, whose court was modeled on that of Versailles, his ally, but whose educational system was well ahead of France's: he introduced compulsory schooling for children of Muslim *milliets*, established market regulations, cut usury rates to a model 11 percent, and liberalized penalties for crime—usually levying fines. Greek, Hungarian and Slav peasants fled into his territories to escape landlords' exactions and military service. His admiral, Barbarossa, thrashed Andrea Doria's galleys in a panorama of epic battles, and made the Mediterranean an "Ottoman lake." Suleiman occupied North Africa as far as the Atlas, the Mediterranean islands as far as the Balearics, and broke the power of Venice. To the east, Suleiman's *akhis* took Baghdad and part of Persia.

But Turkey's fateful decline began even before Suleiman's death. That of Roxelana, his Russian favorite wife, deprived him of his best counselor. His two sons used their commands to war on each other, leading Suleiman to have one of them—along with his children—ritually strangled with a bowstring. The empire passed to "the debauched Selim," as Kinross calls him.

Malta was lost—symbolic since Crusader times. The Don-Volga canal, to join the Black Sea to the Caspian, was never finished, the Suez Canal never started. Selim's only achievement was to liberate the Greek serfs of Cyprus from their French and Venetian overlords.

Using diplomatic memoirs, Kinross then traces three centuries of intrigues, wars, alliances and broken treaties with factionalist Christendom. Now the French are favored, then briefly the Habsburgs; then the British alliance, started by Elizabeth, is revived; there is a brief uneasy attempt at concourse with the traditional enemy, the Russians; finally, with the guns of August over the horizon, the German Kaiser clutches Mehmed VI in an ominous embrace.

There are interludes of high drama, along with those exquisite absurdities which make history believable. Kara (Black) Mustapha times an attack badly, and fails in Istanbul's greatest ambition, the capture of Vienna. Ahmed III introduces *lale devri*, the reign of the tulip, with fortunes made and lost on rare bulbs. Turtles bearing candles tipflop through the tulips to illuminate palace receptions. Busbecq, the Austrian ambassador, takes bulbs back to his native Flanders and gives modern Holland an industry. Napoleon captures Egypt (having earlier applied, as a young lieutenant, for a military instructor post under the Sultan, and being—to history's regret—rejected.) A fleet flying the star and crescent, the papal standards, the flag of the enemy Russia, and that of Britain drives the Corsican out. And finally an arcane dispute between Greek and Latin monks over obscurantical rights in Bethlehem and Gethsemane leads to two wars with the Tsar.

The second results from the latter's claim to protect all Orthodox Ottomans, and brings Victoria and Napoleon III to Abdul Hamid's side in the Crimea. For the right to place an imitation French lily in a grotto in Gethsemane once a year, the world got Alma, Balaclava (and Balaclava helmets, now called ski masks), Inkerman, Lord Cardigan (and woolen jackets), the Light Brigade and Florence Nightingale. Earlier, the Greek revolution had been, in William Cobbett's words, "a war got up by poets and stock-jobbers for the benefit of Russia." One poet, Byron, paid the price.

An elected parliament of Turks, Christians, Jews and Arabs was inaugurated in 1877, closed the following year, and only revived in 1908 under pressure from the Young Turks, led by Enver Bey—whose popularity in the Balkan provinces revived that of the Sultan, and briefly reunited once more "Turkish mullahs, Jewish rabbis and the prelates of discordant Christian faiths." But the enemy was at the gates. Bismarck had said Turkey was "not worth the bones of a single Pomeranian grenadier," but now Germany—Krupp—became the armorer of Enver as he battled the Italian invasion of Libya and drove the Greeks back out of Thrace.

Entering World War I on Berlin's side, the Turks lost Syria and Palestine to the British. Enver's lieutenant, Mustapha Kemal, saved Gallipoli from the British and Australians, nearly costing a hotheaded young navy minister called Winston Churchill his career; after the peace, he saved Anatolia itself from dismemberment by Italy, France and Germany. It only remained for Kemal to depose the Sultan, proclaim the republic, and call himself Ataturk. Then, as Suleiman had used royal power to enforce enlightenment, so Ataturk imposed democracy by *diktat*.

Russell Warren Howe

Russell Warren Howe's most recent book is an investigation of foreign lobbying in Washington, *The Power Peddlers* (Doubleday).

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In the Miro District
by Peter Taylor
(Knopf; $7.95)

After the publication of his *Collected Stories* in 1969, Peter Taylor told an interviewer that he doubted he would write many more stories. He said that he had a horror of repeating himself, and he wasn't being complacent; the *Collected Stories* is a formidable achievement, one of those unforeseen masterpieces, the sum of smaller masterpieces, in which the design, continuity, and magnitude of a writer's career become clear. Those stories evoke a Tennessee as vivid and intact as any fictional landscape, and Taylor was not inclined to pursue a scorched earth policy.

He did not repeat himself in his next book, *Presences*, a series of ghost plays, nor has he repeated himself in his new collection of stories, *In the Miro District*. He is still the most deft and genial of storytellers, but these eight stories are varied and innovative, even rebellious. Four of them are set as poems—"stoems" Taylor calls these hybrids—in an attempt to break down that rectangle, that black ingot, which prose invariably assumes on the page. Taylor takes risks with his subject matter too, and the menacing forces—of sex, violence, disgrace—which waited just outside the pale of propriety in his earlier stories have here frankly encroached. Taylor's resourceful ironies have given way to a voice which is prepared to take the most significant risk of all: to withold nothing, to disguise nothing, to speak all that it knows. The stories in this collection are not confessions but urgent meditations; in pursuing them, in choosing to be vulnerable, Taylor has found the means of a liberation that he didn't anticipate when he gave that interview. The two longest stories in this collection, "The Captains's Son" and the title story, are daring, elating works in which we can see a master surpass himself.

The Tennessee of these two stories is unmistakably Taylor's Tennessee, not a hillbilly dumping ground but a genteel Tennessee in which, to borrow a line from Walker Percy, everyone but a fool knows what the good life is and everyone but a scoundrel leads it. This Tennessee is removed in time—the stories are set in the first half of the century—and in life style (a word that would not have been in the vocabulary of any of Taylor's characters). These characters occupy comfortable houses—Canton china on the sideboard, oriental rugs on the floor—in the most respectable neighborhoods of Nashville or Memphis, and they belong to families which radiate out along the various pikes and lanes, where the high-toned hard-riding "Old South" cousins live, out to the dreary suburbs, "godforsaken, endlessly sprawling purlieus" where alcoholic kinfolk are in exile, out to the "snooty old towns" and upcountry hamlets which are inhabited by stubborn Confererate grandfathers and fundamentalist cousins. This is a social geography, of course, on which latitude and longitude are precisely measured. Where the lines converge at the poles of Nashville and Memphis, the most acute, arcane discriminations are made. These sensible, estimable people "maintained values which only they could understand and that even their children never pretended to understand entirely." In this Tennessee manners are complacent bulwarks which protect against extremity, vulgarity, passion—but they also divide characters from one another, and in particular they divide parents from their children.

Taylor said in that same interview that one of his original motives in writing about this Tennessee, which seems so far-off and long-ago, was to preserve it. With all its fine manners and nice distinctions, this "antediluvian Tennessee," as Taylor himself refers to it, has vanished—and no one knows it better than he does. Critics who have complained that his work is regional and old-fashioned have forgotten James's admonition that writers must be granted their choice of subject matter; worse, they have mistaken subject matter for substance. This Tennessee is Taylor's metaphor for Home, that remote place which his nostalgia tells him is still and serene and lovely. It is none of those things, as his stories discover. His imaginative journey from the diminished present is undertaken to find a solace that is never forthcoming. The narrator of *In the Miro District* says that he wanted to discover what "I was like. Or if, merely as a result of being born when I was and where I was, at the very tail end of something, I was like nothing else at all, incomparably

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without a character of my own." This is the inflection of the disappointment and need that pervade Taylor's stories, for this character experiences no epiphany, no sudden insight or intuition. His urgent meditation yields nothing but a story, *is* nothing but a story. For Taylor the story is itself a way of knowing, of shaping knowledge; though it cannot restore the past, though it cannot unmake the divisions which existed then, it nevertheless reconciles us to that vanished world and to the present because it is as much as we can know.

Stories have always been a way of mediating between past and present, and we do have a past, or various pasts. It shouldn't be necessary to emphasize that we do, but the story has to justify itself these days. The most resolutely contemporary opinion has renounced not only the form but the very word; short prose works are now called "fictions" or "pieces" or "fables," anything but stories, and a recent anthology goes by the name *Anti-Story*. One of the features of the story which is singled out as anachronistic is its temporality, its obsession with time; the new fiction is atemporal (it was, of course, the work of Borges that inspired the popularity of the term "fictions"; and it was Borges who wrote the sublimely impossible essay, "A New Refutation of Time"). The age, one gathers from the more combative advocates of the new fiction, requires a grimace that is accelerated like ions in an atom smasher, traveling in a dimension that is beyond time.

Peter Taylor's stories wear a more benign expression; unlike much new fiction, they have imaginary countenances which can assume a great many real expressions. Risky, moving unashamed, they are stories, and Peter Taylor knows the difference between the stories of our own and other times. In an astonishing scene, the terrifically drunk 18-year-old boy in *In the Miro District* turns the tables on his grandfather, a dominating old gentleman whose tales of his exploits have become oppressions to the boy. In phrases that he has learned from his grandfather, the boy taunts:

> *Tell me what it was like to lie in your bed in that shackly, one-story, backwoods hotel and have it come over you that it was no dream . . . that there really was at every unglazed window of your room the raw rim of a shotgun barrel.*

This language, rehearsed and melodramatic, is interrupted by Taylor in his own tongue.

> *I hear myself going on and on that Sunday night. As I babbled away, it was not just that night but every night that I had ever been alone in the house with him. I had the sensation of retching or of actually vomiting, not the whisky I had in my stomach but all the words about the nightriders I had ever had from him and had not known how to digest—words I had not ever wanted to hear.*

This reversal shows us that the stories we know by heart, the stories we inherit, may like manners divide us, generation from generation. Yet they have to be told one last time, for this telling, Taylor's narrator tells us, "was the beginning of my freedom."

Steve Goodwin

Steve Goodwin teaches at Bryn Mawr and is the author of a novel, *Kin* (Harper & Row).

Books on the Campaign

Running for President
by Martin Schram
(Stein & Day; $11.95)

Convention
by Richard Reeves
(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $10)

We Almost Made It
by Malcolm MacDougall
(Crown; $8.95)

The first arrivals are piling up in bookstore windows, a new generation of entrants in the quadrennial Making of the President Sweepstakes, each as ripe and heady as a bottle of new beaujolais and meant to endure about as long. Presidential elections are the biggest recurring event in American journalism, and Teddy White has proved that at least one slot on the spring best seller lists is reserved for a campaign chronicle, usually his own. But others have cashed in as well, most notably Joe McGinnis with his insider's tale of the marketing of Richard Nixon (*The Selling of the President, 1968*), and Timothy Crouse, who, four years ago, detailed the deeds and misdeeds of the traveling, sometimes working press (*The Boys on the Bus*). By now, the rush to print pretty well assures that any story from last year with an interesting angle will get an authoritative recounting between hard covers in the upcoming weeks.

Teddy White charted the course. His was a special genius for taking the polls, the pols, the caucuses, the primaries, the conventions, and from them weaving an immensely readable narrative, even when the outcome was already known to every reader who picked up the book. The secret of White's success has been the accumulation of detail, the revealing of the myriad of stories behind the story. White accomplished this with a style that assured his efforts would be major book club selections, and, at the same time, made each succeeding book a closer and closer approximation of the one that came before. So his recounting of the Democratic convention of 1964 (where Lyndon Johnson was nominated by acclamation) is told with the same air of anticipation as the convention of 1960, a story with more genuine elements of drama.

Access has been the key ingredient in White's method. After his landmark success in 1960, politicians understood that in Teddy's presence you were speaking for the historical record. That suited White. His purpose was to make it seem that he was present whenever anything significant was going on; so the story of each campaign depended on where White chose to be. In 1968, for example, he chose to be ensconsed in Hubert Humphrey's hotel suite, miles above the protesters and cops and tear gas on the Chicago streets below, on hand to record the Vice President's reactions when the roll-call on the Democratic nomination reached its absolutely predictable conclusion. And who can forget Teddy's description of his ride across the country from California in President Nixon's private compartment aboard Air Force One on election day, 1972, looking down over the blinking lights of the cities and towns of American and hearing Nixon propound on the result, "Down there, who remembers landslides or electoral votes? Who remembers what Harding got? Or how Roosevelt did against Landon?" Who, indeed?

White's real technique was to make it

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seem that wherever he was, whatever he was observing, was the most important thing going on anywhere at just that moment. And, looking back, it sometimes made for pretty thin soup. But the style was there and the adjectives danced, and Theodore White not only wrote more lucidly about presidential politics than anyone ever had and influenced a generation of political reporters, he also created a market. Thus, this year's crop.

The first to reach the airport bookstands was a quick summing up entitled *Running For President: A Journal of the Carter Campaign*, by *Newsday* correspondent Martin Schram. The first portion was published in paperback (Pocket Books) as a campaign notebook from the primary period and has been updated with a post-convention section for re-release in hardcover. It includes anecdotes from the very earliest travels of Jody and Jimmy, glimpses back into Carter's political and personal life, along with a useful aggregation of memoranda, including Hamilton Jordan's famous 1974 blueprint of Carter's come-from-nowhere effort.

The subtitle is obviously meant to sell books, because Schram gives as good an account of the decisions made and not made by several of Jimmy Carter's Democratic competitors in 1972, notably Henry Jackson and Morris Udall, as he does of the Carter campaign. Basically, there's nothing new here, but it makes a useful rereading during the new President's honeymoon period because it calls to mind how many turning points there really were in 1976, and illustrates vividly that in presidential politics it is not what happens that counts, but what's perceived to have happened. Remember the Trumanesque news photo of Jimmy Carter holding the *Milwaukee Sentinel* above his head with the headline, "Carter Upset By Udall" the day after the crucial New York and Wisconsin primaries? That photo of Carter *winning* his less than one percent victory in Wisconsin was reproduced in every daily in America; it made Wisconsin the focus of April 6 and completely obliterated the fact that Carter had absorbed a humiliating drubbing in New York on the same day.

Running for President also includes some vignettes to demonstrate that even with federal dollars to even things out, money or the lack of it is the prime factor in campaign decisions every step of the way. The lifetime ambitions of worthy men are abruptly ended when the bottom of the campaign coffers comes into view.

Convention, by former *New York* Magazine correspondent Richard Reeves is the most ballyhooed political book of the season. That's fitting, because what we have here is neither analysis nor journalism, but capitalism.

This book was apparently conceived back when two facts were absolutely clear: (1) that *if* Ronald Reagan decided to challenge President Ford, it would be a fringe effort at best and Ford would certainly lock up the nomination early; and (2) that with a dozen contenders from Fred Harris to George Wallace, with proportional representation rules and federal matching funds to drag things out, the Democratic gathering in New York City would be a donneybrook, a multi-ballot, perhaps even deadlocked convention. So with one eye cast on the prospects of selling the TV rights to ABC for a Sunday night movie, Reeves hired a staff of six and set out to cover every living, breathing, behind-the-scenes moment of what was to be *the* convention the way Arthur Haley covers an airport.

The trouble is that Reeves reserved seats at the wrong ballgame and by the time that fact was clear, it was evidently too late to cash them in. The premise behind this book is not bad; had the Democrats managed to hold an interesting convention, Reeves might have produced a fascinating historical document with more vivid chronology than even Teddy White, and won himself the television contract for sure.

But unity was the only story at Madison Square Garden, and that doesn't make much of a book. So what Reeves brings us is, in part, a primer on convention management starring former national chairman Robert Strauss, a man who knows when he's face to face with history and so permitted Reeves to eavesdrop on his every conversation. If you want to know what it costs to hold a national party convention, what kinds of labor disputes to anticipate, how to assemble the ushers, distribute the tickets and keep the hookers off the streets around the hall, it's all here.

The book is organized around a string of little stories designed to illuminate the characters and bring the convention to life. So you can read about Ohio delegate Patrick Sweeney trying to retrieve his leased auto from the Hudson River police pound, about ABC's Ann Compton, the youngest network floor reporter, who woke up the day before the convention with a mouth full of canker sores, about the clean-up crews sweeping marijuana butts out of the VIP section each night, and, of course, about the convention's youngest delegate on her first visit to the Big Apple encountering an exhibitionist on the subway. You could also save $10. William Allen White, the editor of the Emporia, Kansas *Gazette* wrote Theodore Roosevelt from St. Louis in 1916, saying, "I am reporting this Democratic convention, which is my idea of a sedentary pursuit." And thus it was for Reeves and his colleagues from New York in 1976.

We Almost Made It, the only Republican entry on the list thus far, is by Malcolm MacDougall, a Madison Avenue adman drafted by the President Ford Committee to help design and write the GOP's general election spots. Because it is badly cluttered with meandering irrelevancies and personal reminiscences, this is a hard book not to put down. Because it is an insider's view of political advertising, this is also the only book that might tell you something new and useful about last year's presidential contest.

After the national conventions, President Ford and Jimmy Carter each claimed $21.8 million in federal subsidies and promptly turned over the lion's share of those funds to the networks for television advertising. The Ford campaign made five-minute commercials ("Feelin' Good", for example, a bouncy, musical, Pepsi-generation-type momentum builder keyed to the end of the campaign), 60 and 30-second spots (with old people, factory workers, children, the Ford family), man on the street spots, regional spots, key states spots, spots directed at special voting groups, anti-Carter spots, pro-Ford spots and so on. To back up this outlay, each campaign spent roughly another one million dollars over the year on private polls to assess the strengths and vulnerabilities of their man and the opposition, to assess the issues and measure the mood of the electorate.

Americans have now experienced nearly three decades of electronic bombardment by commercial television advertising playing on psychological, sexual and subliminal impulses, all backed by expensive survey and marketing research. The cost of all this is just added to the price of the product, which we often don't even know *why* we're buying. The application of these techniques to politics came more recently, but Pat Cadell, who polled for Jimmy Carter and George McGovern and is

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presumably in a position to know, says, "Most market research that is done in this country is primitive compared to the kind of work that's done politically. Light years behind." Just consider that remarkable statement for a moment. In presidential politics, decisions about marketing strategies are now among the most important and expensive of any in the campaign; the voting public seems to be every bit as malleable as the buying public; and the price is probably still tacked on at the top. But when you're picking a President, the costs may be of an entirely different order. That's why MacDougall's book should be read.

During a campaign, poll results and the advertising strategy they produce are always shrouded and treated as privileged information. No one expected Ford's managers to tell us before November 2 that their polls revealed a persistent voter skepticism about Jimmy Carter or to announce that a whole battery of their commercials was designed to shore up that skepticism. Nor is there enough analysis in this book of the deft hand of Madison Avenue in the commercial packaging of presidential nominees, but a careful reading will give more clues about Ford's strategy and Carter's victory than you'll find anywhere else right now. For example:

- The GOP advertising campaign "avoided the word Republican like a disease."
- Ford pollster Robert Teeter recalls a research seminar several years back where Pat Cadell stood up and predicted from his poll data that the next president of the US would be a born again southern Baptist, and that was before anyone had even heard of Jimmy Carter.
- Teeter's polls showed the 1976 electorate very cynical, very conservative, with "moral leadership" twice as important in shaping voter decisions as unemployment, five times as important as education, and ten times as important as protecting the environment.
- Every dollar of the last five million of Ford's post debate television advertising was allocated to swing states based entirely on electoral college considerations with no thought whatever of the popular vote outcome.
- The polls showed that active campaigning by Ronald Reagan would have made the difference in two crucial southern states, Texas and Mississippi, leaving Jimmy Carter with a popular vote majority and Gerald Ford with an electoral college victory.

MacDougall, the specialist in television advertising, makes two interesting indictments of television news, namely NBC News, which should not be merely read and forgotten. At the Republican convention in Kansas City, when Ronald Reagan was defeated on 16-C, his test vote to require President Ford to name his vice presidential running mate in advance, the Ford-Reagan nomination battle was also finished, a *fait accompli*. For television news, however, there is no investment so important as the coverage of national party conventions; success there can influence news ratings and the commercial dollars they produce for the ensuing four years. So, MacDougall charges, to hype the next night's audience and keep the ratings from flagging, NBC purposely mislead its viewers, saying that the 16-C vote could have merely been an honest reflection of the delegate's feelings about naming a vice presidential candidate in advance. It didn't mean that Reagan was finished. Not so, and NBC along with everyone else knew it.

MacDougall's more important charge against NBC involves a three-day appearance by John Dean on the "Today Show" to talk about his new book, *Blind Ambition*. Dean appeared in mid-October, at a time when the polls were indicating that the Ford-Carter contest would be close indeed, and charged that as minority leader in the US House, Gerald Ford helped to squelch the first congressional investigation of Watergate. At the time John Dean was remembered as history's most credible witness, the man who helped bring down a President. Though nothing much has come of it since, his allegation made front page news all over the country, and the resulting publicity dealt the Ford campaign a serious blow. And why did NBC News decide that the five-to-seven million viewers of the "Today Show" deserved a three-day dose of John Dean just then? Because, says MacDougall, they had just bought up the television rights to *Blind Ambition*. NBC News admits it held a television option on Dean's book until it was published, then allowed that option to lapse. There will be a TV documentary of *Blind Ambition* presented by the entertainment division of CBS. That says something about the news judgment of both networks.

These first three books on campaign 1976 rise to the usual standards of instant history. But if you really want to know what happened last year, take heart; there are more to come.

Ken Bode

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The Back of the Book

Maggie and Wilbur

The names of Margaret Trudeau and Wilbur Mills have not before been linked in public, and doing so here does not mean that there has been any canoodling, hi-jinks, jim-jamming or hanky-panky between them, or even that the two have actually met. But as notorious celebrants they do have a few things in common which raise a couple of questions about our lust for swingers: 1. Why do we enjoy reading of the escapades of the mighty? 2. Do the mighty swing as freely as they used to?

Taking the second question first, along with Wilbur, before he passes from memory: what precisely did Wilbur do to set tongues wagging and the mysterious corps of Washington gag writers at work on Wilbur jokes? In October 1974 he cavorted with Fanne Foxe the stripper; they guzzled champagne in a night club; Wilbur was sozzled; he and Fanne danced the fandango in the Tidal Basin. After which, "the powerful Ways and Means Committee" had its "even more powerful" chairman no longer. Wilbur reeled from disgrace to thin air, stopping off in Boston to emcee Fanne.

And Maggie? This March she checked into Mick Jagger's hotel in Toronto, then followed the Rolling Stones to New York, afterwards protesting "there was no mucking with Mick." Soon she announced she was taking her own apartment in the big city in order to work as a photographer for *People*, and that she would see her children and the Prime Minister on weekends. She knew this decision would "blow minds," but she is "a free spirit in a free world." Alone in a Manhattan bar she wrote in her diary: "Maggie is a lady who insists on freedom."

As far as we know, Wilbur did not insist on freedom when he went on his binge; he was just having—in the words of Thurber's butler—a bit of a time below stairs. But Maggie is a modern girl, and as everybody knows, nothing is more important to modern people than asserting their self-estimated value, even if it blows minds or careers. To be fair to Maggie, however, she is hardly the first first lady to jiggle a ministry for a spree. In fiction Glencora Paliser did it to her own *Prime Minister;* and in rumor Eleanor of Aquitaine strayed a long way from St. Louis on the Second Crusade because the King was a bore.

By all accounts, Maggie's most avidly, Pierre Trudeau is not a bore, nor a geezer either—"he has the body of a 25-year-old"—and unlike King Louis he takes to Disneyland at Easter. About Mrs. Mills, all we know is that she had her ankle in a cast at the time of Wilbur's romp, and some stiff words for Wilbur. There is nothing yet to connect Mrs. Mills and Mr. Trudeau, but there is this odd connection between Wilbur and Maggie: both of them had escapades befitting their respective generations, and both of their escapades were very dull.

Wilbur, in fact, may go down as having flung the least inventive fling on record. Whom did he fancy? A floozie. Where did they go? A speak. What did they drink? Bubbly. What did they then? Jump in a pool.

Whom did Maggie fancy? A rock star. Where did they fly? The Big Apple. What does Maggie seek? Her own pad. What will become of her? A "photojournalist."

No two escapees could be more like caricatures, yet their adventures seem, or are made to seem, infinitely intriguing, which returns us to the question of why. Maggie presses her nose on John Warner's front gate in order to get a shot of Elizabeth Taylor, and this is fascinating. Is it all yet another sign of the expanded American middle? Have the mighty fallen to middle class sprees? Or has the middle class grown so rich as to afford everything upper crust—first tennis, then horses, now whoopee? And are we enchanted by these tales because with a little luck and moxie they could be ours—a wave at the door, an ish kabibble, Mastercharge, and off to Bali?

How exciting, how possible—to shuck the Unbearable Frustrations, *volare*, and solve everything by cutting a rug or doing the hustle. That *(isn't she something?)* is what Maggie is doing. Even with Pierre fit as a fiddle, "working as a Prime Minister's wife is so boring" *(compared to Mick and Liz)*, which is undoubtedly true, as it is undoubtedly boring to bear three kids in four years, and to be upbraided for a short skirt in the White House; as it is yet more undoubtedly boring to head the Ways and Means Committee or to grow old and wrinkled and ever "more powerful," on the prowl for some hot patootie who laughs at you. What we see in these two are not just the cliches of effect, but the cliches of cause *(I know how they feel)*.

Extremism in defense of liberty is not as expensive as it used to be, but it's just as costly, perhaps more so. Wilbur lost his Ways and Means, and Maggie's madcap monkey business will not do much for Mr. Trudeau with his dour Canadian voters, to whom a hand-shake with Mickey Mouse is small recompense for an errant wife. (Canadian novelist Robertson Davies recently characterized Canada as "The Daughter Who Stayed at Home.") In a way our swingers die that we may live, going the distance in the open. Maybe we're grateful to them for their foolishness, for their easy or desperate self-assertions.

Surely we don't resent them, not in the way Auberon Waugh suggests in his painfully funny slap at Maggie in last month's *Spectator*, reprinted in the *Washington Star*—resents her for being crazy *and* selfish (an unfair conjunction), and for not living up to the responsibilities of State. Middle-classedness invades all institutions when it invades one; and if Mr. Trudeau loses his job Canada will not totter, any more than Congress suffered anything worse than titillations and a pay raise after Wilbur got his, and Wayne Hays his. When the middle class mounts the governments, it brings the accouterments of the middle class along, including talaria (Adidas), and the governments adjust, are prepared for the drabbest whimsy, the commonest flights. If we resent our swingers at all it is *for* their commonness, for showing how puny our extravagances are.

Wilbur and Maggie will probably never meet, and if they should, will probably never fall in love, which is a pity because as cultural figures they were made for each other. Paul Williams could have written a major contemporary ballad to them, and Sammy Davis Jr. could have sung it, and the flags of two nations could have flown atop their combination penthouse-motel room. As it is, Wilbur is nearly forgotten, and Maggie soon will be, and shortly we'll be scanning the papers again, like the stars, for another glimpse of the good life.

Roger Rosenblatt

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TRB, *from page 2*

The Carter drive is directed against plutonium, not uranium, the conventional fuel used in most nuclear reactors. Uranium is costly but once it is "burned" it can be chemically processed to separate out the by-product plutonium. Plutonium-239 probably is the most toxic substance known. A milligram inhaled will kill a man in hours. This devilish stuff also kernels bombs. Also, if and when it can be harnessed, it runs wheels, makes power and lights cities. That is the kind of gift that laughing Pluto has tossed into our laps.

The nomenclature of the nuclear age, incidentally, is driving reporters nuts. What right-thinking Washington political writer knows the difference between "fission" and "fusion"? Or can distinguish between "light-water" and "heavy-water" reactors? These terms are getting into our hair, our lives, our language and even, maybe, our politics. Take QUAD, for example; it thrust itself upon this quailing reporter when he was trying to masticate the Ford Foundation's *Nuclear Power Issues and Choices* (a $6.95 Ballinger paperback) which is just on the verge of being comprehensible. A QUAD is a measurement of energy consumption: the US now uses 74 Quads a year, and a single Quad is the equivalent of 1000 trillion BTUs or, to put it cozily, the energy from 500,000 barrels of oil a day for one year.

Modern civilization is Quad-crazy; the US may use 110 to 120 Quads by AD 2000, and other countries likewise. At that point we may need breeder reactors. But the blue-ribbon Ford Foundation panel pleads that we defer it "indefinitely," in view of "terrorist" and other dreadful dangers. So does Jimmy Carter.

COMING:

Charles Wyzanski
reviews
Denial of Justice

•

Robin Winks
on
Jules Feiffer

Correspondence, *from page 7*

article can judge for themselves who is engaging in "distortion." Does she believe the last paragraph of her letter also is "not accusing anybody of anything"? If so she is a master of the distinction between accusation and innuendo truly worthy of the McCarthy era.

The editors don't want Professor Strum to give up either her husband or the ACLU. Given her husband's intense involvement in the case, however, she might have declined to serve as chairman of the departmental committee which investigated Selzer. However "obvious" it might be that a member of the ACLU academic freedom committee would be committed to academic freedom, Ms. Strum's position with the ACLU doesn't give her a free pass from criticism. And of course it is "obvious" we would be just as concerned about a wife influencing her husband as the other way around.

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The Classifieds

Personals

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For the
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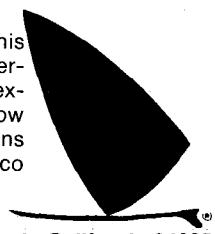

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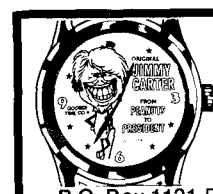

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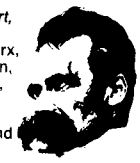

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Washington Diarist

Duck Eggs

Admiral Turner said last week the Carter administration will not oppose congressional attempts to reveal the total amount the federal government spends on intelligence each year (despite his own, frankly admitted, "natural inclination of any intelligence officer to withhold as much as possible"). The Senate Intelligence Committee now is debating whether, as Turner put it, "protecting the basic openness of our society" is worth the "risks of giving the enemy an unnecessary advantage over us." What advantage would it give "the enemy" to know how much we spend spying on them, without knowing what we spend it on? The real danger, it seems to me, is not the Russians finding out the size of our intelligence budget, but us finding out the size of theirs—and God forbid it's larger. The problem with the arms race is that both sides have a pretty good idea (thanks to their intelligence operations) of how much resources the other side is devoting to it. Since generations of weapons are designed, built, and become obsolete without ever being used, and since there are enough of them for everyone to destroy everyone else several times over, the only possible object of the game is to assure that you are spending more than the other guy. Intelligence budgets now presumably are based on some rational calculus of genuine need, and not on competitive cash flow. I'm against telling the Russians how much we spend on intelligence, for fear they might retaliate by telling how much they spend.

The merciless White House press corps chased down President Carter on the White House grounds last week after he had bid adieu to King Hussein, and subjected him to a tough line of questioning that—according to a transcript prepared and released almost immediately by the White House press office—began as follows:

THE PRESIDENT: How do you like the weather?

QUESTION: It is a beautiful day.

Carter did go on to say that it would be better not to convene the Geneva Conference at all unless there is a "strong possibility" that something will come of it. Carter's habit of making important, or seemingly important, pronouncements in an offhand manner at odd occasions is causing frustrations all over Washington. According to the White House transcript these particular "Remarks of the President" began at 11:40 am EDT and were concluded at 11:45 am EDT. At approximately 12:45 am EDT, a group of *TNR* editors ran into an official of the Israeli embassy emerging from an appliance store near Dupont Circle with a newly purchased tape recorder under his arm. He said that keeping this machine constantly attached to his radio was the only way he could be sure of not missing any shifts in US policy toward the Middle East.

In keeping with its inconsistent support for the holder of the office, this magazine in recent months has been erratic in its approach to presidential punctuation. Sometimes we have capitalized the "p" and sometimes we haven't. Sometimes it's "Mr. Carter" and sometimes it's just "Carter." The inconsistency was the result of an internal philosophical debate, and I am pleased to announce it has been resolved. On one side were the forces for deimperializing the presidency, who wished to lower-case "president" when referring to the office in general just like "senator" and "congressman," and who wanted to abandon the rule that only Presidents and the recently deceased were guaranteed a "Mr." before their names. Across the battle line stood John Osborne, presidential chronicler *par excellence* and courtly gentleman. After a rapid-fire exchange of memos, both sides blockaded themselves in their respective parts of the offices and followed their own preferences. But the deimperializers found it impossible to distinguish between references to a "president" in the abstract and references to this particular "President," so abandoned the lower-case "p." John Osborne, meanwhile, found that as much as he disapproved, the style of the Carter administration simply did not lend itself to the traditional titular flourish. So the magazine is united again, and our President is Carter.

Two weeks ago we brought you the truth about the phantom cabbage regulations ("26,911 Little Words," *TNR*, 4/23). For over 25 years speeches by American businessmen and articles in various publications, usually conservative, have complained about a nonexistent 26,911-word government regulation of the sale of cabbages, and contrasted this with the brevity of various sacred texts of Western civilization. The most recent manifestation was in an advertisement of the Mobil Oil Corporation in the *New York Times* Sunday magazine of April 10. Even before the cover date of our cabbage issue, however, a trans-Atlantic version of the fantasy popped up in a UPI dispatch from London. As carried in the *Times* issue of April 22, it reported:

> *A speaker at a London conference on food pointed out yesterday that the Lord's Prayer contains 56 words, the Ten Commandments 297 words, the American Declaration of Independence 300 words and the European Common Market directive on the export of duck eggs 26,911.*

That was only the beginnning. Walter Cronkite picked up the same UPI dispatch and used it on the CBS Evening News of April 22. Over the weekend CBS was informed—we like to think by the same loyal *TNR* readers who were writing and phoning us about it—that their story was a hoax. So on Monday they devoted another little item to exposing the hoax. CBS reporter Charles Osgood interviewed our friend Max Hall, the Harvard Business School research director, who has been collecting examples of the 26,911-word hoax ever since he was victimized by it as public affairs director of the Korean War Office of Price Stabilization. Trouble is, the report did not mention that CBS had fallen for the hoax the previous Friday. And worse, it presented *The New Republic* as one of a string of publications that had published stories about the phantom regulation, without making clear that ours, unlike the others, had exposed it as a phantom. In other words, CBS made it appear that we had fallen for the hoax and they had uncovered it, rather than the reverse. For the next two days CBS went to town with the story; both Cronkite and Osgood recycled it for use on their radio commentaries.

We are miffed. So we announce herewith a contest: a free one-year subscription to *TNR* for the first person who informs us of any published or broadcast allegation of a 26,911-word regulation on any subject appearing after April 22, 1977.

M.E.K.

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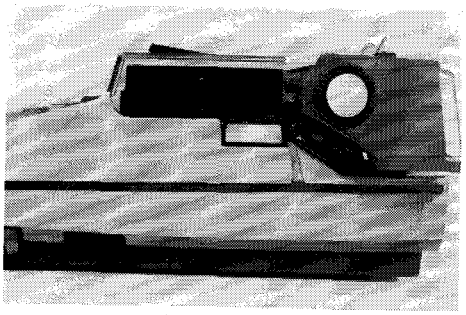

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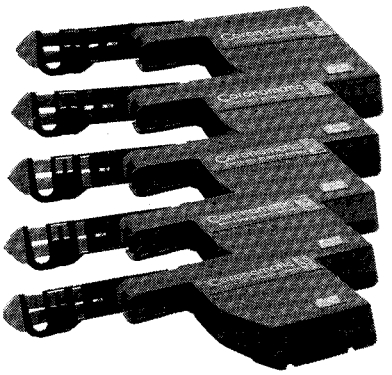

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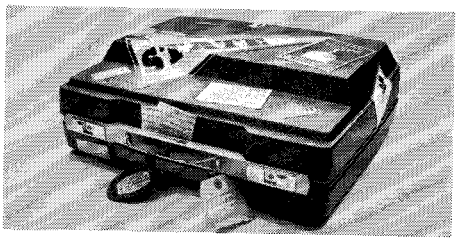

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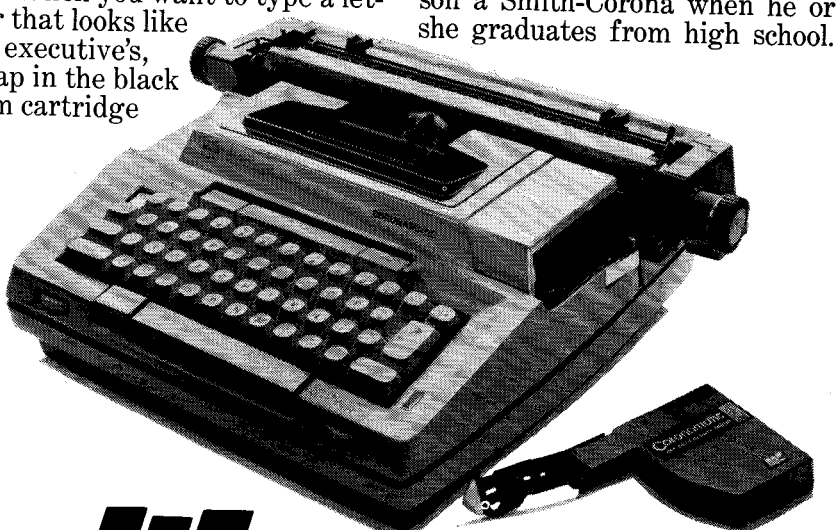

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